PIETAS
Academiæ Oxonienſis
IN OBITUM
AUGUSTISSIMÆ ET DESIDERATISSIMÆ
REGINÆ
CAROLINÆ.

OXONII,
E TYPOGRAPHEO CLARENDONIANO
An. Dom. MDCCXXXVIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

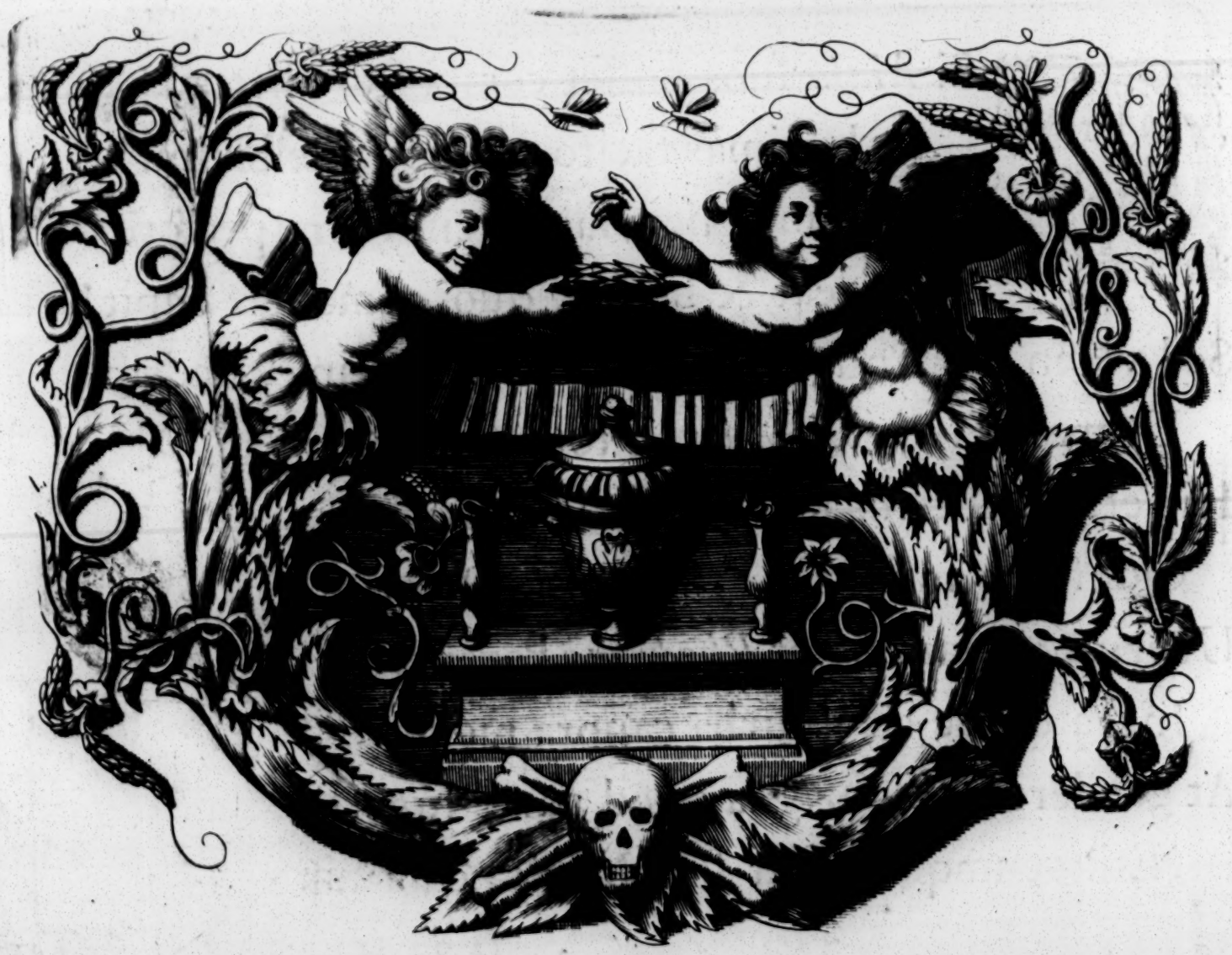
8 Mk

AD REGEM.

O Si *Muſa* ſuos poſſet compeſcere fletus,
Et lacrimas tacito condere mœſta ſinu!
Quam timet heu, ſacro renovet ne pectore vulnus,
Augeat & luctus, quos removere cupit!
Sed viden', ob tantam, *Britonum* Pater optime, cladem
Ut madet irriguas *Anglia* tota genas?
Hic etiam uberius ſeſe diffundit, honeſto
Qui fonte in Patriæ defluit ora, Dolor.
Uberius raptam luget *Rhedycina* Parentem,
Ingratoſque ciet Turba canora modos.
At gaudere licet, magna quod parte ſuperſis,
Æthereumque adeat ſola Marita chorum.

Tu modo ſollicitam mœroris diſcute nubem,
Et lætum placido lumine funde jubar.
Conjuge dilecta jam tandem diſce carere,
Ad ſuperaſque redi ſerius Ipſe plagas.
Fœdere Se ſtabili dabit alma *Britannia* Sponſam,
Et grave curarum blanda levabit onus:
Tuque *Illam* mulcebis amans, dulcique fidelem
Amplexu excipies, præſidioque teges.

ST. NIBLETT S.T.P.
Coll. Omn. Anim. Cuſtos
& Academiæ *Oxon.*
Vice-Cancellarius.



To the KING.

FOrgive, DREAD SIR, an honeſt, untaught Muſe,
Unskill'd alike in flattery and art:
Who only knows a worthy Theme to chuſe;
Who only ſpeaks the language of the heart.

Some Few, Fame's happier ſons, in matchleſs lays
May pay due off'rings to Thy CONSORT's Shrine,
May give Her all Her merit, all Her praiſe;
And juſtly paint the nation's grief, and Thine:

But I, alas, both young, and uninſpir'd,
Nor with *Encomiums*, nor with tears can aid;
Such tribute proves the grateful giver fir'd
With a juſt warmth, but profits not the *Shade*.

What ſudden fears, what terrors chill'd our blood,
When danger ſeiz'd the partner of thy throne?
Speechleſs and motionleſs, amaz'd we ſtood,
More for the Kingdom's loſs, than for Her own.

Hope of recov'ry, long-protracted pain
Gave us but barb'rous intervals of woe,
They only ſerv'd to ſooth our tortur'd brain,
And call'd reflection in, to aid the blow.

Say Hiſtory, in *Aſia*, *Greece*, or *Rome*,
Is aught more bright than CAROLINA's name?
Or is a whiter ſpace, thro' times to come,
Reſerv'd for any, in the Dome of Fame?

Mild as *Pulcheria*, and by all approv'd,
She bleſt the throne, alike humane and wiſe:
Learn'd as *Zenobia*, Learning's Sons ſhe lov'd,
And bade the *College* from its ruins riſe.

The wiſeſt glory is ſelf-conſcious fame;
The trueſt pleaſures are domeſtick joys;
The higheſt honour is a private name,
Great without ſhow and virtuous without noiſe.

Thus our *Protectreſs* thought in early youth,
When vanity all other hearts miſguides:
Not *Auſtria*'s crown out-weighs a ſingle truth,
Up flies the gawdy nothing, truth ſubſides.

Heaven for ſuch virtue gave a nobler throne,
Where kings by law are juſt, and ſubjects free;
For CAROLINA it reſerv'd alone
The Land of Reaſon and of Liberty!

Peace to her *Manes*, Queen eſteem'd, and lov'd;
Alike with ſoft, with gen'rous paſſions fir'd:
Not proud of merit, tho' by all approv'd,
Not vain of knowledge, tho' by *Clarke* admir'd!

Thomas Earl of *Hadinton*
of St. Mary Hall.

ERgone Te miſeris fata invidere *Britannis*
Dulce decus Patriæ deliciaſque Tuæ?
Nec texit Tua Te virtus, CAROLINA, cadentem,
Nec mœſtum pietas diſtulit alma diem?
At longum ſpirabis adhuc, & laurea *Phœbi*
Vitam, quam ſucci non tribuere, dabit.
Quis vero excelſos numeris æquabit honores?
Splendida quis digno carmine facta canet?
Si *Philomelæ* inſtar quereretur *Muſa*, graviſque
Noſtra canora magis redderet ora dolor;
Te ſequerer luctu aſſiduus, CAROLINA, diſerto,
Te veniente loquens Teque cadente die.
Aſt heu! *Pierius* lacrymis male convenit ardor;
Vena nec à læſo corde benigna fluit!
Icta Tui deſiderio mens fracta dolore
Et jubet in laudes & vetat ire Tuas.
Ah! periit ſola ingenium quæ fovit, & artes
Suſcepit blando Mater amica ſinu.

Heu

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Heu quid agat, quo ſe infelix *Eccleſia* vertat!
Ut *Rhedycina*, ſua nuda Parente, dolet!
En! tota in miſeros lacrymoſa *Britannia* luctus
Solvitur, & triſti languida fronte ſtupet:
Qualem induta fuit, terras cum blanda MARIA
Liquit, & ad ſuperas ivit ut ANNA plagas.
Clarabunt alios monumenta è marmore ducta,
Et brevis artificis fama ſequetur opus;
Cordibus in noſtris memorique in mente nepotum
Veſtra ad ſupremum vivet imago diem.
Quiſque gemet *Britonum*, & palmis dum pectora tundit,
Inquiet, heu! (lacrymans) *Hic* CAROLINA jacet.
Utque nitet terris nomen, cœlo Ipſa nitebis
Inter ſydereum lucida ſtella chorum.
Ingentique animo FREDERICI regia conjux
Virtute ardebit Te propiore ſequi;
Dumque olim populis dominabitur Illa, vocabit
Te tutelarem terra *Britanna* Deam.
Numine præſenti gentes AUGUSTA beabit,
Dum CAROLINA altis imperat alma plagis.

Tho. Hen. Coventrye Dom. *Deerhurſt* Honorat. *Gul.* Comitis de *Coventry*
Filius Natu Maximus è Coll. Univ.

REgales luctus, lacrymaſque per ora volutas
Principibus, patriæque pios languentis amores
Muſa canit, lento curam ſolata labore
Ingentem, laceroque recens ſub pectore vulnus.
Quæ nemorum Te, *Phœbe*, moræ tenuere, receſſus
Inter & errores? ubi doctum carmen, & artes
Aoniæ numenque lyræ? quo cura fidelis
Et properæ medicina manûs, tactuſque ſagaces?
At non ulla tuis fuerit jucundior uſquam,
At non cara magis, nec amantior ulla tuorum,
Ipſe bonæ licet uſque MARIÆ flebile buſtum
Carminibus citharaque colas, mœſtiſque querelis,
Ipſe ANNÆ licet æternos memorare labores
Semper ames, ſemper tractare ſonantia bello
Plectra velis, capitique decus prætendere lauros.
Ergo iterum infandos gemitu renovare dolores
Tempus, & inviſa crines velare cupreſſo.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Quis Tibi, MAGNE PATER, tanti ſolatia caſus
Digna ferat? quoties occurrit dulcis imago
Ante oculos, dulcis verſatur in aure loquela,
Ingemis, & tacitus tecum felicia longi
Tempora conjugii, atque actos reminiſceris annos.
Mox etiam lucos inter nemoroſaque rura
Occurſus voceſque Tuæ vultumque requires
Conjugis, & triſti ſpatiabere ſolus in antro.
Interea latos circum conſidere luctu
Imperii fines, diviſas æquore gentes,
Aſpicis, hic magno mœrentem corpore *Rhenum*,
Hic *Thameſim* lentas ducentem mollius undas,
Tempora lugubri velatum cana cupreſſo.
Tuque, *Iſis*, patrios inter puleherrimus amnes,
Laſcivo confuſa trahens ſinuamina curſu,
Laberis æternum, tibi formoſiſſima *Flora*
Arridet, tibi flava *Ceres* inducit honorem,
*Pieride*ſque tuæ ludunt in margine ripæ:
O! utinam noſtris tribuiſſet *Phœbus* ad inſtar
Ire Tui modulis, ſimilique incedere lapſu,
Te placidum, CAROLINA, melos, Te carminis ordo
Molle fluens, ſola *Divam* reſonaret in umbra
Ad ripam, patriiſque referret nomina faſtis.

Honoratiſſ. Dom. Dom. *Manſel*
ex Æde Chriſti.

REſumit ergo Te Superum domus
Civem? Repoſcit Te Superum chorus
Cognatus, inviditque terræ
Te patrium, CAROLINA, cœlum?
Quæ cura ploret, quæ pietas ſatis
Te, miſta *Divis*, Optima Principum?
O! ſemper heu! deſideranda
Umbra Tuis, viduoque regno.
Divinitatis particula Tuæ
Tu pectus affles, *Muſa* potentior!
Tecumque per cœlos canentis
Corripias animam ſequacem.

Quid

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Quid fata *Conjux Regius* increpat?
Quid uſque poſcunt Te populi preces?
  Vitæque fruſtra concupitum
    Sollicitant reditum fugàcis?
Vultu minaci deſuper irruit
Armata dextram falce neceſſitas;
  Stamenque vitæ devolutum
    Diripuit *Libitina* victrix.
Heu! quæ gementum vidimus agmina
Pullata pompam ducere funebrem?
  Qui planctus, audi! Qualis aures
    Vulnerat ingeminatus horror?
Valete *Manes*, gurgite turbidus
Ter *Thamus* imo triſte remugiit,
  Ter *Iſis*, æternum Valete,
    Una & aquas gemituſque miſcens;
Valete *Manes*, ter reſonabilis
Reclamat *Echo*. Te juga montium
  Flevere, Te ſilvæ peremptam,
    Te tremulæ doluere valles.
Quid comprecanti profuit *Albio*
Spei timoriſque heu! inamabilis
  Viciſſitudo? Quid ſalutis
    Ipſe Tuæ ſtudioſus orbis?
Non jam Illa tecum dividet imperi
Cæſar labores. Occidit, occidit
  Spes illa gentis, clauſit eheu!
    Conſilii Thalamique conſors
Dilecta letho lumina. Tunc *Fides*
Et *Fas*, *Pium*que, & candida *Veritas*,
  Pax ſuave ridens, *Fauſtitaſ*que,
    Et Patriæ memor uſque *Virtus*
Fugere terris. O! Animus gravis,
Rerumque prudens, ardua callidus
  Curare, præſens non pudendis
    Artibus, ingenuaque fraude,
Civilis undæ ſiſtere turgidos
Fluctus, & iras non ſine numine
  Componere, abſentem rependens
    Conſiliis ſtudioque *Sponſum*.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Quæ fulgurabat lumine dignitas!
Ut ore Candor rifit, & ingenî
  Teſtis benigni, molle ſemper
    Alloquium, placiduſque Sermo!
Heu! quale damnum! ô! non reparabilis
Jactura! --- Quod te cunque beatius
  Sidus recepit, gentis adſis
    Grande decus patriumque Numen.
Fallorne? Vel me raptat amabilis
Imago *Divæ*? Quis novus inſonat,
  Audite, cœli gratulantis
    Per nebulas & inane plauſus?
O! ergo noſtræ Præſes habebitur
Cuſtoſque terræ. O! *Diva*, precantium
  Aſſueſce jam votis vocari,
    Diva Salus Geniuſque regni.
Quid uſque flemus? --- Currite Virgines,
Piæque Matres, currite, Floribus,
  Decora luctu turba, *Divæ*
    Indigetis cumuletis Aram.

J. Chetwynd
Honorat. Dom. Dom. Vice-com. *Chetwynd*
Fil. Nat. Max. è C. C. C.

PEndula dum *Cræſo* morituro Fata moratur
  Sublata in tremulum Cuſpis acuta caput,
Nati muta diu, ingenuum teſtata dolorem,
  Erupit mœſtis Vox reſoluta ſonis.
Me quoque, cui numeri deſunt, & carminis artes,
  Me dolor, heu! triſtes cogit inire modos:
Abreptam deſueta lyræ mihi *Muſa* Parentem,
  Omnibus una Parens, Te, CAROLINA, gemit.
Fruſtra paſſa comas *Elegeia* flebile cantat;
  Ah! fugis *Orphea* non revocanda lyra.
At fugis immiti fato inviolabilis *Umbra*:
  Conſcia mens ſuperis credit ineſſe choris.
Mille immota inter Suſpiria non niſi noſtras
  Per lacrymas ſentit Se CAROLINA mori.
En quæ pallenti vivit Conſtantia Vultu!
  Ut ridet placida Fronte ſerena Quies!

Sic

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Sic ubi per cœlum deſcendit roſcidus imber,
  Involvitque alta nocte procella polum,
Iris cæruleos attollit picta colores,
  Horroremque atri temperat alma *Jovis*.
Jam Venti poſuere, redit Lux Candida terris,
  Splendoremque ipſo ducit ab imbre *Dea*.

Geor. Gul. Coventrye Hon. *Gul.* Comitis de *Coventry*
Filius Natu Secundus è Coll. Univ.

PErmit me, CAROLINE, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
  In honeſt plainneſs, and unſtudied Lays;
Nor *Thou*, tho' learned, and tho' great, refuſe
The well-meant tribute of an infant Muſe.
  Farewel much honour'd, much lamented Name,
Peace to thy ſlumbers, to thy mem'ry fame;
Bleſt, from the earlieſt moments of thy breath,
Bleſt in thy life, and all -- but ill-tim'd death;
Grac'd with that ſoftneſs which endears the Fair,
Adorn'd with ſenſe beyond a woman's Share:
As much by worth ennobled, as by blood,
'Midſt grandeur humble, and 'midſt courtiers good:
Bright in each various character of life,
Nor greater as a QUEEN than as a Wife!

Hon. *Geo. Baillie* of St. Mary-Hall,
Brother to the Earl of *Hadinton*.

DUm mœſtus nigra, GEORGI, ſpatiaris in umbra,
  Ingentes ſpirans gemitus, heu! Conjugis ictus
Crudeli deſiderio, viduumque cubile
Multa dolens; *Britoneſ*que Tui circum undique flentes
Effundunt gratos CAROLINÆ in funere luctus;
Surgentes liceat paullum interrumpere queſtus,
Et crudum molli cantu lenire dolorem.
  Conjugis amiſſæ quoties Tibi triſtis imago
Occurrit, vetereſque gemens reminiſcere amores,
Atque animum ſociæ ducis per ſingula vitæ!
Imperii nunc Illa vicem, dextraque fideli
Sceptra gerit, ſortita decus, ſortita labores;

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Nunc nemore in placido, &, quas ipſa ſacraverat, umbris
Te patriæ laſſum cura, ſtudiiſque gravatum
Dulcibus alloquiis reficit, mollique quiete
Solliciti mulcet carpentem oblivia regni.
Ne Tibi, ne toties mordax hæc cura recurſet,
Paulatim preme ſingultus; Te mœſta ſenatus
Vota vocant, CÆSAR, populi Te cura repoſcit.
Vidimus hos longe præſaga mente dolores
Agnoſcentem, ægroſque animo præſumere fletus,
Dum vigil ad lectum moribundæ Conjugis aſtas,
Et ſurdos lacrymis Divos, precibuſque fatigas,
Heu fruſtra! Tua nec pietas, nec plurima ſponſæ
Labentis virtus duras flexere ſorores,
Nec conjurantes in publica vota *Britanni*.
Hoc tamen ingentes, PRINCEPS, ſolabere luctus;
Occubuit felix ævi CAROLINA, ſenectæ
Non experta graves curas ſortemque ſeveram:
Occubuit morum felix; dum viſcera morbo
Torquentur, ſævique enervant membra dolores,
Immotæ nunquam languet conſtantia mentis;
Sed pietas, & ſancta fides, ſed conſcia virtus
Intrepidum ſervant ad fata noviſſima pectus,
Egregioſque ipſa pariunt in morte triumphos.
Tuque, Anima illuſtris, votis aſſueta vocari,
Muſarum fautrix, & nunc decus addita Divis,
Reſpice de cœlo, triſtemque agnoſce *Camœnam*.
Anglia dum grato luctu, lacrymiſque decoris
Auguſtos ſpargit cineres & flebile buſtum;
Excubiis ſine perpetuis, longoque dolore
Pierides mœſtæ vigilent, urnæque ſupremos
Effundant fletus & inania munera libent.
GEORGIUS interea lugubrem fronte Cupreſſum
Deponens, curet fluxas libramine certo
Europæ ſtabilire vices, placidiſque tueri
Auſpiciis fauſta gaudentes pace *Britannos*.

Hon. *Johannes Hay*,
Honorat. Dom. Comitis de *Kinnoull* Filius natu tertius,
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

REGINÆ ad Cineres & non violabile Buſtum
Virtutes ſtabunt vigiles, lacrymiſque madeſcet
Marmor triſte piis: amiſſos flebit honores
Gratia quæque ſuos: lugubria carmina *Muſæ*
Præcipient, tumuloque ſacro ſolennia mittent:
Quid non ſæva ſibi voluerunt fata? *Britannos*
Heu! Cœlo dilecta nimis CAROLINA reliquit.
Albion infelix ſemper venerabitur oſſa,
Reliquias mœſtas, & fida tuebitur urnam.
Lugebunt nondum nati, lateque per orbem
Diſperſæ Gentes, cunctis plorabile funus,
Et diſcent lacrymis miteſcere barbara regna
Inſolitis: flebit *Cæſar Germanicus* Ipſe
Nomen honoratum, licet illi mente reſurgat
Imperii neglectus honos, tædæque jugalis.
Non opis eſt noſtræ dignos perſolvere honores
Tam charo capiti; quamvis plangoribus æther
Jam reſonat, mœſtoque immugit *Regia* fletu;
Et miſeri gemitu ſuſpiria ducimus alta,
Dona repoſcentes, heu non ita credita cœlo!
Quanquam O! ſi noſtrum ſit amor poſt fata ſuperſtes,
Quantus erat, CAROLINA, Tibi, dum vixeris; ægros
Si modo reſpiciat pietas divina *Britannos*;
Quid proſint lacrymæ, ſi fata recludere poſſent?
Tuque etiam, GEORGI, miſeræ ſpes optima Gentis,
Deliciis viduate tuis, compeſce querelas:
Ne ſit cauſa Tibi Conjux chariſſima luctus,
Quæ dudum poterat regni lenire labores.
Felix morte ſua eſt, (ſic dantur præmia laudi)
Dimidiumque Tui cœleſtibus advenit Hoſpes.
Defuncti Manes laudant mirabile mentis
Ingenium, & mores, quales decet eſſe *Dearum*,
Et læti agnoſcunt virtutes inde Mariti.

Georgius Hamilton
Honorat. Comitis de *Abercorn* Filius natu tertius,
è Coll. Exon. Sup. Ord. Com.

O Umbra *Angligenis* ingens decus addita *Divis*,
Qui ſuper imperio hoc vigilant! ô! funere triſti
Et Sponſo & Patriæ direpta, heu! vana querenti.
Seu nunc *Cœlicolum* cœtus colis ardua, nubeſque
Inter fulta ſedes, magna, immortalia ſpirans,
Illuſtres *Britonum* circumſtant undique Manes
Conceduntque locum; media Te ſede reponit
ELEANORA audax medicatum exugere letum,
ANNAque Bellatrix, lapſas quæ reddidit Aras,
Inſignes animis tædiſque jugalibus ambæ;
Hæc pietate prior: tum pectore Virgo virili,
Ultro invicta Tibi comitem ſeſe addit ELIZA,
Civilique MARIA comas circumdata quercu;
Seu terras uſque inviſas & læta laborum
Indigetes inter gentem tueare *Britannam*:
Uſque obeas munus dilectum, & Conjugis uſque
Te tangant curæ, Sceptrique laboribus adſis.
Auguſti *Manes*! En quos Tibi Patria luctus
Accendit duro collapſa ad Buſta dolore!
Ut *Muſæ* paſſos fœdatæ pulvere crines
Ad tumulum fundunt, nec inania munera, verſus!
Felix quiſquis amat *Muſas*, & amatur ab illis;
Non illi invidioſa prement oblivia nomen;
At virtutis honos, poſt funus vita, ſequetur;
At ſua non unquam recidivæ præmia laudi.
Hic quanta *Iſiaci* mirantur mœnia fluctus?
Hæc poſuit *Phœbi* & *Muſarum* ſedula cultrix;
Hæc *memori* æternum ſervabunt *marmore* vultus.
En! gelidum inde nemus riguaque in valle vireta
Quæ ſtringit leni ſubrepens *Thameſis* amne.
Stant & *Chaoniæ* quercus & vitibus ulmi
Admotæ & frondes *Alcidæ* diſcolor arbos,
Apricoſque aditus circum multa arbore claudunt
Anguſti calles & ſaxeus inſuper horror.
Infelix! Te nec lucus lætiſſimus umbræ,
Nec tanto cultu nitidiſſima ſilva ſequetur.
Sola Tuis ex arboribus Tibi ſola fideles
Prætendet ramos pullata in funere *Myrtus*;
Illam habeas tecum. -- Thalamis ſub flumine glauci
Te centum circa fratres, Te *argenteus* ipſe,
Dum tacita tumulum mœrens præterfluit unda,

Flevit

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Flevit, & umbroſa velavit arundine vultus.
(Te flebit, quocunque ſolo pulcherrimus exit;
Per nemora atque lacus iterabunt flebile murmur
Lugubrem juſſæ ſalices ediſcere cantum;)
Te decuſſus honos ſilvis, horrentia culmo
Atria & egelidi deformia ſaxa receſſus.
(Talia fatidici *Fauni Nymphæ*que tenebant.)
Æmula *Peneis* Tua Te per roſea *Tempe*
Fleverunt rura. Audivit perculſa ſub antro
Qua ſedit *Narciſſi* oblita, & devia curſu
Territa voce ſua petiit lacrymabilis *Echo*.

Rogerus Newdigate Baronettus
è Coll. Univ.

VOs Juſta, *Muſæ*, ſolvite inania
Umbræ merenti, nectite debitam
Flentes coronam, quæ ſacretur
(Triſte decus!) tumulo recenti;
Si dextra Veſtris uſque favens choris
Fundavit arces, *Pergameus* ſibi
Quas *Attalus* vellet, vel Ipſe
Rex *Phariæ Ptolomæus* oræ.
Ah triſtis ædes! nempe Tuo ſinu
Hoſpes quievit Regia, cum ſibi
Præſenſit inſtantem minari
Heu! meritæ meliora morbum.
Hoc ſi receſſu Se Viduus, ſui
Si forte curis GEORGIUS imperi
Subducat, authoris recurrens
Eliciet lacrymas Imago:
Qualem reviſens *Andromache* nemus
Late ſacratum Manibus *Hectoris*
Senſit dolorem, fabuloſi
Propter aquam *Simoentis* errans.

Johannes Rivers Baronettus,
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

SAy, Honour'd PRINCESS, much lamented Shade,
Since happineſs thus ſoon, nay life muſt fade:
Say, what avail'd a pious Nation's pray'rs
T' aſſwage Thy pangs, or lengthen out thy years?
In vain would man protract the mortal hour,
Death ſhakes his dart, and vindicates his pow'r.
What walls can guard us, or what caverns hide?
He'll haunt the cottage, thro' the palace glide.
Nor infant innocence, nor hoary age
Can mollify the ſtubborn tyrant's rage.
Marlbro', the glory of a former reign,
Who mow'd down armies in the *Celtic* plain,
In vain to *Britain*, to his Sov'reign dear,
Fell, undiſtinguiſh'd, by Death's ebon ſpear!
Newton's bright genius could not *Newton* ſave;
His light extinct, and cover'd in the grave.
The Learn'd, the Brave expect the fatal hour;
ANNA arriv'd where MARY went before;
The Beſt have dy'd --- ev'n CAROLINE's no more.
Oh fate accurs'd! what tears the *Muſes* ſhed?
When the ſad tidings of Her death were ſpread;
To *Iſis*'s banks in ſolemn pace they mov'd,
Lamenting much the QUEEN, whom much they lov'd.
No more of *Hymen* in ſmooth ſtrains they ſung,
Their voices ſilenc'd, and their harps unſtrung.
The River too, which erſt in ſilence ſlept,
Mingled his murmurs, and in concert wept.
Th' affrighted *Naids* to the margin fled,
Each trembling willow hung it's mournful head.
In that ſad ſeaſon on his urn reclin'd
The God appear'd; huſh'd lay th' attentive wind;
The gentle waves a while deſiſt to roar,
And ſoftly gliding kiſs the ſilent ſhore:
When thus he ſpoke. "Hail learned, heav'nly Choir,
"Offspring of *Jove*, why uſeleſs hangs the lyre?
"What ſtops the muſick of each warbling tongue?
"Can Ye to CAROLINE refuſe a ſong?
"Would Ye but bring your aid, not father *Thames*
"With greater glory ſhould pour forth his Streams;
"Nor *Coln*'s clear ſprings with equal luſtre ſhine,
"Ev'n *Cam*'s melodious ſwans ſhould yield to mine,

"Then

" Then, when the faint inſcription diſappears,
" And the ſunk tomb it's head no longer rears,
" Her Fame extended down might ſtretch thro' length-
ning years.
" Then tune your harps; make all Her merits known,
" Who with uncommon virtues grac'd the Throne.
" Say, how in CAROLINE's exalted mind
" The Parent's and the Sov'reign's love were join'd.
" Next, She may claim a faithful Conſort's praiſe,
" A Pattern for the Queens of modern days.
" Her knowledge too might deck the ſhining page,
" Extend her knowledge down thro' ev'ry age.
" She could aſcend to time's remoteſt birth,
" When, firſt flow'd ocean, and grew hard the earth;
" Battles could trace in diſtant *Æra*'s won,
" And made each antient Heroe's acts her own:
" She call'd back Tyrants once their People's woe,
" Whoſe names were curs'd a thouſand years ago.
" Hence learnt the fate of Nations to foretel,
" Where Kings encroach, or Subjects dare rebel.
" Exalt, *Ye Nine*, her Genius to the skies,
" Which could thro' all the heights of Science riſe.
" Tell, how her tow'ring thoughts would often ſtray
" To diſtant Orbs, and range the ſolar way.
" She knew how Syſtems round the Center roll;
" Nay more, could guide the movements of the ſoul:
" By paſſion undiſturb'd and inward ſtrife,
" She ſail'd down calmly thro' the ſtream of life.
" Zeal to do good inflam'd her gen'rous breaſt,
" Taught want to ſmile and ſuccour'd the diſtreſs'd.
" Did merit ſue? Her bounty ſhe'd extend;
" An Enemy to Vice, to Worth a Friend.
" To her unbid the Learned might reſort,
" Nor were the *Muſes* baniſh'd from the Court.
Oh early loſt! from *Albion* early fled!
How have thy Children's tender boſoms bled!
Thy hapleſs end the preſent age will mourn,
Thee *Britons* ſhall lament as yet unborn.
But oh! forgive the *Muſe* whoſe humble lays
Record the fame of *Albion*'s golden days.
Let her commemorate the glories gone,
And ſpeak of virtues which ſo lately ſhone.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Thus where extend *Lapponia*'s northern Plains
And darkneſs for a month continu'd reigns,
Oft the inhabitant on abſent day
Reflects, and mourns the ſun's departed ray;
That ſun, who in his circuit ne'er has ſeen
A fairer object than the *Britiſh* QUEEN.

Sir *Edw. Turner* Baronet
of Baliol College.

HUc ades incomptis *Elegeïa* mœſta capillis,
Huc ades, & querulos præcipe, *Diva*, modos.
En ut funerea nigreſcit ſemita pompa!
Ut male compreſſo Templa dolore gemunt!
Nunc & *Teutonicus* ducit ſuſpiria *Cæſar*,
Priſtinus & tacite pectora ſtringit amor.
Te quanto interea ſolvis, REX Maxime, luctu!
Ut frangit ſævus fortia corda dolor!
Quali *Anchiſiades* flevit *Pallanta* peremptum,
Pelides quali voce *Menœtiaden*,
Incendit tali Se queſtu GEORGIUS, orto
Te lugens, clauſo Te, CAROLINA, die.
"Longæ Tecum, inquit, vitæ ſociare putabam
"Gaudia, ſic Regni lenius eſſet onus;
"Sic gravior tacito furtim pede ſerperet ætas,
"Clamque meum inficeret cana ſenecta caput.
"Nunc ſpargam gelidis corpus recline ſub antris,
"Urgeat hic ſenſim lumina feſſa quies;
"Blandaque ſopitos deludant ſomnia ſenſus,
"Conjugis ereptæ dulcis imago veni!
"Hic ducti *Pario* ſtabunt de marmore vultus,
"Et ſpirans tarda ſurget ab arte decor;
"Hic circumfuſis formam retinebo lacertis,
"Hic cupidus lacrymis oſcula miſta dabo.
"Voſq; etiam, magnam Proles venerata Parentem,
"Sacratum lecto ſpargite flore ſolum;
"Forte erit, accenſis ut Matris imagine, laudum
"Et famæ major corda movebit amor.
"Se tanta naſci memores ab origine, pergant
"Virtutem, ex Illa quam didicere, ſequi.

Johannes Conybeare S.T. P.
Ædis Chriſti Decanus.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Ad *Prænobilem & Illuſtriſſimum* THOMAM,
Ducem de *Newcaſtle*,
Sereniſſimo *Regi* GEORGIO Secundo
Secretarium Principalem.

DEſueta noſtro, *Melpomene*, diu
Comes labori, in vota noviſſima
Dignare poſci, & tange præſens
Tange lyram ſemel inſolentem.
Nec non favebis, Cultor & artium
Fautor bonarum, nec renues Tuum,
Dilecte *Mœcenas*, ſupremis
Præſidium precibus roganti.
Favere dixi? quin propius meis
Accede curis, Tu quoque particeps
Doloris, & ne parce mecum
Planctibus ingeminare planctus.
Illa, Illa doctis occidit, occidit
Amica Muſis! Illa *Britanniæ*
Suborta lux, extincta dormit
Perpetuam CAROLINA noctem.
Cui non recurrit (proh nimium frequens!)
Auguſta Imago? Gloria Curiæ
Lætantis, (ut *Mater Dearum*
Cœlicola comitata cœtu)
Tecti recluſis è penetralibus
Nunc prodiens; nunc undique *Gratiis*
Stipata ſiſtens; mox per omnem
Nobilium gradiens coronam.
Repente, verſa jam vice, *Regiam*
Poſſedit Aulam triſte ſilentium:
Et cœpit hinc primum GEORGI
Magnanimum trepidare pectus.
An Te vigentem fama & honoribus,
Aut me remoti ruris ab angulo
Super calentem dedecebit
Solvier in lacrymas favillam?

Fleamus; at quam flemus, & invicem
Miremur una. Quam bene pendere
  Momenta rerum maximarum
    Calluit; Imperii, nec impar,
Vices obivit! cernere perſpicax
Mentes ſequaces flectere qua tenus
  Fando valeret, quoſve poſſet
    Inſinuando ciere motus.
O quæ ſolebat, quæ & quoties loqui!
Quam ſæpe cum ſola Illius, Illius
  Sereniores inter horas,
    Dulcibus alloquiis retenti,
Depoſta in imis ſenſibus hauſimus
Reſponſa! Vox ô non hominem ſonans!
  Sermoque dignus qui beatas
    Ad Superum referatur aures!
O ſpes inanes! hei mihi quam cito
Sublata noſtris ex oculis procul
  Audire Nos & multa, multa &
    Dicere deſeruit volentes!
Ecquis ſuperſtes, vel ſtudio pari
Vel arte pollens, moribus imbuat
  Prolem tenellam, Principeſve
    Formet ad Imperium Minores?
Ecquis, duelli dum medium inſerit
Paciſque ſeſe GEORGIUS arbitrum,
  Expertus æque Regni habenas
    Hic premat, hic moderetur? Ecquis ---
Sed Te repoſcunt rebus ad Exteros
Diſpertiendis mille negotia:
  Et conſulentem Te viciſſim
    Mille vocant ſuper Urbe curæ.
Tu perge, felix, & Patriæ decus
Tuere longum. Me dolor intimo
  Sub corde defixum tenebit,
    Me DOMINAM propere ſequentem.

Robertus Freind S.T.P.
Ædis Chriſti Canonicus.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

ERgo ſumma dies, & inevitabilis hora
Æque plebeios ſceptrigeroſque manet?
Nec magnum parvumve ab avari faucibus *Orci*
Eripit aut *Virtus*, aut *Pietatis* amor?
Heu, quam *Fortunæ* nulli confidere fas eſt!
Heu, quam præcipiti turbine celſa ruunt!
Quæ pridem inceſſit, veluti *Berecinthia Mater*,
Natis cincta ſuis, virgineoque choro;
Quam populus læto plauſu excipiebat euntem,
Dulce decus Regni præſidiumque Sui;
Quam dudum innumeræ decorarunt laudibus artes;
Patronam *Muſæ* quam coluere Suam;
Heu, ſubito vitæ, & *Regni* ſpoliata decore,
Nunc jacet in triſti corpus inane rogo;
Nec poterunt artes illam, nec gloria ſceptri,
Heu! GEORGI, lacrymæ nec revocare Tuæ.
Haud ſecus amiſſa marceſcunt lilia forma,
Vomere cum ſævo prætereunte cadunt:
Nec ſecus in ſaltu, regina & gloria montis,
Alta cedrus multo vulnere manca jacet.
Heu *Virtus*! heu ſancta *Fides*! haud ullius unquam
Intravit ſuperas charior umbra domos;
Nec plures inter gemitus planctuſque Suorum,
In terra quiſquam mortis inivit iter.
Haud paribus lacrymis deflebant *Hectora* ademptum
Iliaci Patres, & *Priameia* domus:
Nec graviore olim moriens *Lucretia* luctu
Implevit *Matres*, *Martia Roma*, tuas.
At Te, mœſte *Pater Patriæ*, indulgere dolori
Ne juvet ingenti, triſtitiæque piæ.
Quin potius mentem, nunc priſcæ gloria gentis,
Nunc ſubeant populi pectora fida tui:
Teque tuus ſanguis, ſpes & ſurgentis *Iuli*
Erigat; hoc fieri vult CAROLINA Sibi.
Et vos dilectæ CAROLINÆ *Regia proles*,
Vos ô! *Cæſareæ* ſpeſque decuſque *Domus*,
Reſpicite exemplar vitæ morumque *Parentis*
Abreptæ, & ſimiles pergite inire vias:
Sic demum in *Vobis* vivet poſt fata ſuperſtes,
Nuſquam aberit populo ſic CAROLINA ſuo.

Tho. Cockman S.T. P. Coll. Univ. Magiſter.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

SI lacrymis dare fræna licet, ſi flere peremptam,
Quæ Patriæ curis viva levamen erat;
Carminibus ſi jure decet celebrare, *Camœnis*
Quæque argumentum præſidiumque dedit;
Huc ferte, huc, *Muſæ*, calamos; amor ipſe querelas
Suggeret, & res eſt ingenioſa dolor.
REGINAM abripuit gravis inclementia Lethi;
REGINA heu! multum flebilis umbra jacet.
Occubuit, (proh damnum ingens!) quæque auxit honorem,
Et ſimul Imperii dimidiavit onus;
Mors disjunxit, idem quos arcto fœdere Sceptrum,
Quos prope communi funere junxit amor.
Quanquam ô! ſi quis erat fletus ſolvendus ELIZÆ,
Si Doctam *Muſæ*, ſi cecinere Piam;
Si populus, proceres, raptam flevere MARIAM,
Quæque ſalus fuerat publica, cura fuit;
Non jam digna minus, non jam minus ampla canendi
Materia, aut levior cauſa doloris adeſt.
Sed quid ego hæc memorem? periit proh! vana laborum,
Et facilem pietas ſtravit ad aſtra viam.
Qua tamen Heroas inter, quos marmore juſſit
Spirare, humana major Imago nitet;
Qua præclaræ animæ, qua magni nominis ANNA,
Et Sociæ applaudit læta MARIA Deæ.

Tho. Pardo S. T. P.
Coll. Jeſ. Princ.

Ad Bibliothecam Regiam à Sereniſſima CAROLINA *extructam.*

DOcta *Ædes*! CAROLINÆ infelix cura, *Minervæ*
Qua non, non *Phœbo* gratior ulla domus:
Undique ubi lectæ pulchro ſtant ordine Chartæ,
Et viva heroum ſigna vetuſta nitent.
Mœnia nunc pulloque arces fœdentur amictu,
Sudet ebur lacrymas, æraque mœſta gemant.
Prima tuis morbo muris violentia gliſcit,
Incipit & celerem mors properare gradum.

Eheu!

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Eheu! dilectos quantum mutata relinquis,
  Viſere gaudebas quos, CAROLINA, Lares.
Ingenuas hic nempe artes, REGINA, colebas:
  Hic feſſæ rerum dulce levamen erat:
Hæ tibi deliciæ, ſtudiis his nobilis oti
  Diſtinxit dignus tempora læta color.
Naturæ ſeu fert animus penetrare receſſus,
  Quaque fugit cæcas iſque rediſque vias,
Nullius in nutum jurare aſtricta magiſtri,
  Libera ſed ratio qua monet æqua ſequi;
Vel Regum annales volvens monumentaque diſcis
  Fœminea ſceptri pondera ferre manu;
Atque vicem, haud impar, noris ſupplere Mariti;
  Seu premere imperii ſeu dare fræna velit:
Aut veterum ex libris generoſo pectus honeſto
  Imbueris, lethi temnere docta minas.
(Obvia qualis eras animo, vultuque ſereno;
  Dumque dolent omnes, non tamen ipſa doles)
Tu tamen orba domus, levia haud ſolatia ſperes
  Affore (nec tardum vexerit hora) diem,
Marmore cum poſita hic CAROLINÆ ſpirat imago,
  POTTERIque vetat pagina fida mori:
Tuque etiam æquæva, tenui nec laude fruaris,
  Æterni Cuſtos nominis, atque Comes.

Robertus Wyntle M. D.
Coll. Merton. Cuſtos.

Ad REGEM.

MUſarum Soboles, quæ puras *Iſidis* undas,
  Quæ *Cami* doctas jugiter haurit aquas,
Regales quærit, CÆSAR, pullata receſſus,
  Procidit ante Tuos pro-que-voluta pedes.
Immotum in tantis animum præſtare procellis,
  Fluctibus his placidum non *Stoa* dura valet:
Pectora divini nec mulcet dogma *Lycæi*,
  Nec Tua mœrorem *Tuſcula*, *Marce*, levant.
Ex iſtis Tibi nulla fluunt ſolamina, CÆSAR,
  Fontibus, atque Tuis nulla medela malis;

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Dum pro jacturæ Tibi ſit ratione dolendum,
  Hinc Tibi lugendi cauſa perennis erit.
Conſtrictus validis tundit Tua pectora telis,
  Quemque premis, creſcit corde tumente, dolor.
Nil tua, *Gualpoli*, tua nil facundia prodeſt,
  Onſloe, infixum pellere mente malum.
Saucia ſolantis mens dicta recuſat amici,
  Luctus & oblatam ſpernit acerbus opem.
Conjurant fruſtra ſociatis viribus herbæ,
  Et medicam fruſtra tendis, *Apollo*, manum.
Altera, quam merito jactes, medicina paranda eſt,
  Tandem ergo, miſſa *Pyxide*, ſume lyram.
En! circum argutæ ſiſtunt, recinuntque *Camœnæ*
  Carmina mellifluis flebiliora modis.
Turbatos ſedare animos modulamina tentat
  Mollia dulciſonans leniter icta chelys.
Fiſtula nunc triſti lugubris plorat avena,
  Luget & inſueto tibia miſta choro.
Jam gravis una vagas pecudes, pecudumque magiſtros
  Cura tenet, miſeros & dolor unus habet.
Campeſtres armenta replent mugitibus auras,
  Et tenerum triſtes mittit ovile ſonos.
Sylva dolet, lugent atque incola plurima ſylvæ,
  Sive ſilent, dulces ſive queruntur aves.
En! plorant *Britonum* decorantes ſigna *Leones*,
  Regis & in lacrymas conſcius urget amor:
Et tigres rabidæ, & maculoſæ tergora lynces,
  Et reboant ſaltus & nemus omne gemit.
Luctu cuncta fremunt jam corda ferocia, præter
  Aſtutas vulpes, omnivoroſque lupos.
Quæ juga, qui ſaltus, quis vos malus abſtulit error,
  Naiades, & tardat quæ mora lenta pedes?
Vos *Dryadeſ*que, quibus luſiſtis diffitæ in oris,
  Dum REGINA gravi funere veſtra perit?
Nam neque vos *Cami*, nec ſacras *Iſidis* undas,
  Regales *Thameſis* nec tenuiſtis aquas.
Ter caput auratis *Thameſis* pater extulit urnis,
  Vos jubet æriſonam terque vocare tubam;
Quin reditus jam ſigna darent, quos miſit, olores
  Ducentes tremulum longa per ora melos:
Reſpondent mœſti reſidentes littore Cycni,
  Fataque REGINÆ, ceu ſua fata, canunt.

Nym-

Nympharumque Cohors atram circumvolat Aulam,
Viciniſque dolet *Regius Amnis* aquis.
Protinus *Auguſtam* fama eſt delata per urbem,
Obruitur luctus fluctibus Ipſa ſuis.
Protinus extremas fertur diffuſa per oras,
Notaque, diviſus qua patet orbis, erit.
Mirantur poſitis turgentia carbaſa ventis,
Et placido nautæ murmura oborta Salo;
Singultus, gemitus, ſuſpiria fortia, pleno,
O! nautæ, excipiunt concava vela ſinu.
Quis referet fletus cum Majeſtate decoros,
Quos tener ex imo pectore mittit amor?
Mœrens circumſtat thalamos pulcherrima proles,
Purpureaſque rigat plurima gutta genas.
Conſpicimus quales obverſos ſolibus imbres,
Talis ſcintillans gutta caduca micat;
Has ſi ſpectaret gnarus, jam ducere gemmas
Vere opifex pretium dicere poſſit aquis.
O ANNA, *Angligenis* ô ſemper amabile nomen!
Dilecti ut lacrymas fundis in ora viri!
Abſentem exagitat violentior impetus; atqui
Proh dolor! infelix *Unus*, & *Altera*, abeſt --
Tu, CAROLINA, cadis, REGIS Tu dulce levamen,
O Noſtrum, ô Noſtri præſidiique decus!
Tu cadis, atqui ipſas, fatalia numina, *Parcas*
Fila ſecare animæ tam pretioſa piget.
Vivida ſi Se oculis dederit virtutis imago,
O quali arderet pectus amore *Deæ*!
Virtutis viva effigies, CAROLINA, reluxti,
O venerata malis, ſemper amanda bonis.
Auſtriacos titulos Tu, *Romanam*que coronam
Abnuis, & vincit Relligionis amor.
Te manet imperium cum libertate colendum,
Inque Tuas cedunt ſceptra *Britanna* manus.
Nil cum reſtaret majus Tibi quod daret orbis,
Indigetem poſcunt ocyus aſtra Suam:
O! *Divis* cito miſta nimis lætantibus Umbra,
Te fata an noſtris rebus adeſſe vetant?
Quos ſors à primis, rerum & verſatilis ordo
Volverat, atque ima proterit uſque rota,

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Erigere afflictos animos, nec parca benignam
Te, *Diva*, in miſeros ſpargere dona juvat:
Senſerat Altrices veneranda *Eccleſia* Curas,
Mœnibus & noſtris *Palladis* inſtar eras:
Pallada ſuſpicimus Te ſublimem arce locatam,
Proſpicis atque Tuis deſuper *Alma* Choris;
Praxiteles vivis donavit marmora formis,
Fuſaque reſpirant æra, *Myronis* opus;
Sed Tibi, quos oculis natura afflarat honores,
Artificis neſcit reddere ſcita manus.
Qualis *Apelleis Cytherea* coloribus orta,
Ceu prima emerſa eſt caſta, pudica, mari;
Talis inauratis viſa es, CAROLINA, tabellis,
Atque Tibi cedit *Graïa Diva* minor:
Coa referre Tuos, quos ornat gloria, vultus
Ars nequit; hanc ſuperant gratia, forma, decor.
Immenſas at mentis opes, animumque profundum
Non, qualem inſtruxti, *Bibliotheca* capit:
Ut pelagus tegit unda, tegunt ut littus arenæ,
Eſt Tibi prælargum cor ſapienſque datum.
O animi compeſce Tui, REX Alme, tumultus,
Natorum illuſtris, Tu PATRIÆque PATER:
Quam defles amiſſam exquire in prole Parentem,
Pulchra MATER adhuc prole ſuperſtes ovat:
Aſpice progeniem Regum alto à ſanguine ductam,
Pignora, quæ ſanctus chara reliquit amor:
His *Auguſta Domus* tantiſque innixa columnis
Regni ſpes ingens ſtat columenque Tui.
Quercus ut in Cœlos ramoſo vertice ſurgit,
Radiceſque imo figit adacta ſolo;
Te ſtabilem, ſtirpemque Tuam ſic pectore læta
Accipit, atque fovet terra *Britanna* ſinu.
Ilice ab indigena quantum Tua fulmina poſſint
Miſſa, ſuis diſcet fractus *Iberus* aquis:
Robora, quæ claſſes, *Britonum* quæ pectora firmant,
Quid poſſint, trepidans diſcet uterque polus.

Henricus Felton S.T.P.
Aulæ St. Edm. Principalis.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

CUra levis loquitur, ſed Quis, *Libitina*, dolore
Obrutus exundante, tuos narrare triumphos,
Vel Patriæ plorare ſuæ inſanabile vulnus
Poſſit, dum, magno divulſam à CONJUGE, fidam
UXOREM revocant vidui ſuſpiria lecti
Heu! fruſtra; ſuavi cum dilectiſſima Mater
Prolis ab amplexu rapitur, qua charior ulla
Haud unquam exemplo finxit, blandave loquela
Demulſit teneros animos, virtutis amorem
Leniter inſinuans & avitæ ſemina famæ?
Pullati Proceres, Populi triſtiſſimus ordo,
Hoſpes, & orbati, & vidua, & quos vexat egeſtas,
Quos premit invidia, aut maleſuadæ infamia linguæ,
Seu Fidei cultus patriis exegit ab aris,
Cœlum importunis precibus, votiſque, fatigant,
Mœſta cohors, & tendentes ad ſidera palmas,
Humani generis Fautricem uno ore requirunt.
At Tu, magne Parens rerum, quum oſtenderis orbi
Illuſtres animas, quibus eſt cœleſtis origo;
Ocyus à nobis depoſcis amabile donum,
Ut deſiderio ſtimules mortalia corda
Nobilis exempli, accendaſque ardore ſequendi.
Me certe immemorem divinæ mentis imago
Haud unquam linquet, ſed pectore fixa ſub imo
Hærebunt ſemper naturæ ingentia dona
Queis nituit, frontis Majeſtas, gratia formæ,
Igneus ille oculi vigor, ingeniique facultas
Eximia, alloquii dulcedo, & neſcia vinci
Obſequio pompave Modeſtia, promptior auris,
Porrectæque manus miſeris ſuccurrere doctæ,
Conſilio, & rerum fato Prudentia major,
Et Pietas animi ornatu ſpectata benigni.
Æthereas ſedes talis CAROLINA revifit,
Inventura pares, nullum fortaſſe relinquens,
Altæ qui melius, mediæ vel munera vitæ
Suſtineat, mortiſve manebit fortior horam.

Guil. Holmes, S. T. P.
Coll. Di. Jo. Bapt. Præſes,
Mod. Hiſt. Prof. Reg.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Μοῖσα χορὸς πρόαν καὶ ἐρωτύλα, ἠδ' ὑμεναίους,
Ὡς τε νέος γλυκερῆς ἐπεμήνατο κάλλεϊ κούρης,
Εννεπε, Κύπριδος ἔργα πολυχρύσου Αφροδίτης·
Αἲ αἲ, νῦν χορδὰς κίθαριν τ' ἠμείψατο πᾶσαν,
Μέλπουσ' ἀχνυμένῃ κραδίῃ στονόεσσαν ἀοιδὴν,
Μυρομένη Σε τ', Ανασσ', εἰ δ' ἁρμονίῃ τε καὶ ᾠδᾷ
Σὴν θέλγῃ ψυχὴν, Σὺ δὲ, νήγρετον ὕπνον ἰαύεις,
Καὶ φωνῇ λιγυρῆς ἐπιτέρπεαι οὐκέτι Μώσης.
Εἰ δ' ἔτι νῦν ἔργου τι βλέπῃς ἀνδρῶν ἐλεεινῶν,
Ω Κεφαλὴ πᾶσιν τ' ἐρατὴ καὶ πᾶσιν ὄνειαρ,
Οὐ φρονέεις ὡς πάντας ἀάσχετον ἵκετο πένθος;
Καὶ χήραι παιδὲς, καὶ ὁ φαίδιμος υἱὸς ἀχεύων
Σὲ θρηνεῖ ῥ' ἀπαλῆς ἀλόχου πρὸς ἐν ἀγκοίνῃσιν·
Νύμφαι δ' ἐν ταλάροις καλά τ' ἐρσήεντα φέρουσιν
Ανθεα σοὶ, καὶ λευκὸν ἴον λυγρήν τ' ὑάκινθον
Δάκρυα λείβουσαι πολυήρατον· οὐκέτι παίσδειν
Οὐκέτι μνησάμεναι γλυκερὸν χορὸν ἠντιώασθαι.
Οἱ Σάτυροι στοναχεῦντι, καὶ ἐς τεὸν ἄντρον ἵκοντο
Αχνύμενοι, περὶ δ' ἄγροικοι Πᾶνες γοόωσι.
Πιερίδες δὲ θεαὶ σὲ κατ' ἄλσεα δενδρήεντα
Ακροτάτου Πίνδω, λιγυροῦ ποταμοῖο παρ' ὄχθας
Ιμερόεν θρηνοῦσιν ἀμειβόμεναι ὀπὶ καλῇ,
Υμνεῦσιν τε τεὸν πότμον, λυγράς τ' ἀνθρώπων
Τλημοσύνας· οἷς μὲν δειλοῖς ἡ Μοῖρα κραταίη
Αγχι παρέστηκεν, τὴν δ' οὔτις ἀλεύεται ἀνήρ.
Αλλ', ὦ ναξ, τίφθ' ὧδε φίλον κατὰ θυμὸν ἰάπτεις,
Εκπάγλως ἀχέων; Καὶ σοὶ δ' ἡ Μῶσα πάρεστι,
Εἰ τέρπῃ πυκινῶς ἀκαχήμενον, ἀδύ τε μέλπει
(Καὶ μάλ' ὀδυρομένη) θελκτήρια πολλὰ φέρουσα·
Τῆς ἀΐων φωνῆς, μὴ ἔχῃς ἀκόλαστον ἀνίην·
Δοιὴν γὰρ στοναχὴν πῶς τλαίῃ φῦλα Βρεταννῶν
Τήνης ὀλλυμένης, Σοῦ δ' αἰνῶς ἀχνυμενοῖο.

J. Fanshaw, S.T.P. Ædis Christi Alumnus,
& Græcæ Linguæ Professor Regius.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Carmen Arabicum.

علي الموت غير نضيج
احكيمة واكرمة السلطانتنا
كرولينة ،،
ان من عادة ملخت الملكتنا
بالقمطرتها لا براع فالكتاب
راغبة العلوم بديها في الاحشاء
علة ابكتها بمهلك العذاب ،،
وان لدها كان يجلس جيورجيس
ان الكثرة الدموع من عيناه سالت
فعلك ناظرته كلا بالبكاء
متكرها بالموت كيت له قالت ،،
يا الحبيب جيورجيسي اخير البعول
ان انا اسرع الي المعون السكات
ولو الهمومك لا صاحبة في الارض
لك اشعك اراء من السموات ،،

J. Wallis S. T. B. & Coll. Magd.
& Ling. Ar. Præl.

Carmen Arabicum.

لقد ذاقت قرلين الموت ورفعت
وذهبت الي رب كما كل نفس
ذايقة الموت وصا الحيوة تكون
الا صناع الغرور لا ثبات لها
كنبات العشس الذي نضر الغداة
طراوة وزول عند صسيادات

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

بل لله ملك اسموات وفي الارض
والله هو علي كل شيء قدير
وبركة رب تحل في هذه
لانه رفع عظيم جلالها ،،
صا اعجب اسمها في الارض تعبل ارب
وتسبحه بخشية ورعت
اعد للقضاء لتقضي وتدين
بلا عيب بالحق وبالاستقامة
يحوب السلام في جنود ويكون
اليسار في ابرجة منازلها ،،

Thomas Bowles, S. T. P.
è Coll. Magd.

Morbus quo periit REGINA.

QUa tumet abdomen, miros ibi viſcera ſerpunt
Mille per anfractus, dubiis circumflua gyris:
Hæc *Membrana* tegit ſinuoſa volumina fido
Amplexuque fovet; ſecus, ilia tortilis error
Cogeret in nodos & ſtringeret orbibus orbes:
His ubi cocta dapes ſatis, eluctabitur humor
Utilis, exudatque benigni copia *Lactis*,
Nutrimenta ferens, perituræ pabula vitæ.
Diſtendat ſi qua *Hanc* ultra violentia vires,
Nexuſque intortos & mutua vincula ſolvat,
Viſcus in externas abdominis irruit oras,
Prominet in fœdum & pendentem creſcit in orbem:
Hinc obices coeunt conferti, aggeſtaque clauſtra
Tormina ſuſcipiunt; gravis inclementia morbi
Membra quatit trepidans, ſubituſque per intima currit
Oſſa rigor, geliduſque coit putredine ſanguis.
Atra ſubit ſphaceloſa lues, corruptaque ſenſim
Viſcera tabeſcunt, motus oblita priores:

Ore

Ore rejectantur glomerata cibaria, corpus
Amiſſos queritur ſuccos, vitamque futuram. [morbum
Hoc veſtrum, CAROLINA, malum: veſtrum *Anglia*
Sentit mœſta ſuum, & timet irreparabile damnum.
Sin tempeſtivas Medicina exporrigat artes
Audax, admoveatque ſalubria vulnera ferri:
Fors domet illa luem infandam, viſcuſque reducat.
Hæc CAROLINA gravis nequicquam vulnera ferri
Suſtinuit ſiccis oculis, vix ulla doloris
Signa dedit: tetigere Tuum quæ vulnera pectus,
GEORGI, ſenſit atrox, alieno victa dolore.
Dicite *Vos*, ſecreta quibus penetralia Cordis
Inſpexiſſe Labor, tali veſtigia fonte
Ulla mali latuere doli? Ludibria vitæ
Fœmineos tenuere ſinus? Regnive libido
Prava, vel ambitio, raptive opprobria lucri?
Ullæ, ni *Britonum*, fodere cubilia curæ?
Nullæ equidem. Sed caſtus amor, ſed maxima rerum
Verborumque fides, puræque audacia mentis.
His communis amor, dolor his communis utrique,
Et REGI, Populoque: ſed ô ſi vera tuliſſet
Fama mihi, morbo ceſſiſſe immane periclum:
Quanta *Britannorum* tentaſſent gaudia ſenſus!
Pictor ut, intentus ſtudiis, inſcribit arenæ
Caſtra, domos, homines, ſilvas, de rupe catervas
Pendentes pecudum, interfuſaque paſcua rivis;
Lætantem fragili dum paſcit imagine mentem,
Eurus ſurgit atrox, miſcetur lubrica ſcena;
Fallax luget opus, ſimulachraque perdita rerum.
Haud ſecus ambiguæ dum ſpes arrecta ſalutis
Forte recrudeſcit, duplicamus ad æthera vota:
Nuncius ut primum morientem funere acerbo
REGINAM enarrat; ſera heu! & ſola voluptas
Spes, divulſa ruit; frigus redit offibus ingens,
Corda pavore tremunt, disjectaque pectora luctu:
Undique bacchatur dolor, & plangoribus æther
Intonuit, *Thameſiſ*que imis immugiit antris.
Invidia obliquos invito flumine ocellos
Irrigat, ultricem extinxit Diſcordia tædam,
Et ſocias laudes, ſocios junxere dolores.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Quo decor iſte abiit, ſcintillula vivida vultus?
Quo pia majeſtas & amabilis ore loquela?
Quo virtus conſtanſque Fides? *Germania* gazas
Dotibus his capta & terras ultro obtulit omnes:
Hic pietatis honos: meruit, quæ ſprevit, honores.
Non poſthac doctæ audimus miracula linguæ,
(Digna tuis, *Rhedycina*, ſcholis) namque Illa receſſus
Naturæ, mentiſque adytus, primordia rerum
Scrutari potuit, *Spatii*que per ardua ferri
Extra anni ſoliſque vias: cui *Pallas* & omnes
Docta ſuas reſeravit opes & præbuit artes.
Dum *Proles*, CAROLINA, Tibi triſte imminet agmen,
Dum mandata capit ſuprema, noviſſima verba
Dum bibit aure ægra & pendet morientis ab ore;
Vix vi compeſcit lacrymas, ne vulnera Matris
Importunus amor, duplicetque inſania luctus.
Nunc ſuprema manent Te munera, REGIE CONJUX,
Invita pius ipſe natantia lumina dextra,
Triſte miniſterium, claudis, vix Ipſe Superſtes.

S. Adee M. D.
è C. C. C.

AT gravi quò mens rapitur dolore?
Vulneris quidve impatiens recentis
Sævit extincta CAROLINA, & urget
Fata querelis
Impudens? *Dii* quid potuere majus?
Illa maturo perit icta fato,
Fama cui nomen memori ſuperſtes
Conſecrat ævo.
Conjugem dignam face nuptiali
Si juvet vatem celebrare, Matris
Seu canat fidæ teneros amores
Auſpice *Muſa*;
Te Decus, PRINCEPS, utriuſque laudis,
Et Tuæ mentis referet colores
Carmen, illuſtris Tua ſe canenti
Siſtet imago.

Hac

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Hac & accenſus graviore plectro
Auſerit forſan memorare, laudum
Qualis exurgit Tibi grandiorum
Splendidus ordo:
Quæ vices regni Tibi ſuſtinenti
Lenis effulſit bene temperata
Mente Majeſtas, placidoque mitis
Gratia vultu.
Ingenî ſed quis numerûmque felix
Divite æquarit pia Dona vena?
Qui dabit ſermo ſpecioſa tantis
Nomina rebus?
Hoc ſibi munus *Rhedycina* ſumit,
Docta ſermones varios, ſuprema
Hæc Tibi pollens vario rependit
Carmine *Muſa*.

Tho. Paget A. M. C. C. C. Soc.
& Acad. Proc. Sen.

Ad Reverendiſſimum in Chriſto Patrem JOANNEM *Archiepiſcopum* Cantuarienſem.

O Decus ſacræ Columenque Mitræ,
Quem ſibi ſemper bona gratulantem,
Quem ſuo luctu *Rhedycina* ſenſit
Uſque dolentem;
Alme, nunc Gentem, Pater ô, togatam
Adjuves præſens ope nunc potenti,
Conſili lenis quod adeſt feraſque
Omne levamen.
Omne nam poſcit lacrymoſa Clades,
Dote plena omni CAROLINA poſcit,
Quam tua avulſit prece non movenda
Ira Tonantis.
Quis neget fletus? gemitus quis ægros
Regiis parcat ſociare, cui ſit
Chara BRUNSVICI Domus & quieti
Gloria Regni?

Sed gravis luctus propiore cura
Angit heu! Pubem miſere querentem,
Quæ piis ripas lacrymis pererrat
Iſidis aucti.
O amans doctrinæ, & amata doctis!
O bonis culta omnibus, & colenda!
Obruiſti urna, CAROLINA, quantas
Oxonidum Spes!
O recens quali *Rhedycina* laude
Creſceret! quali ſpecie decora!
Arte ſeu *Graia* fabricata ſumptu
Atria largo
Erigis ſedes placidas *Camœnis*:
Seu favor Turbam tuus eruditam
Provocat, curas vigileſque dono
Penſat honeſto.
Quæ ſibi priſcæ *Fidei* magiſtra
Illa ſpondebat bona, Te fovente,
Quam piam haud flexit ſolii invidendus
Splendor *Iberi*!
Vindice abrepta, facies labantem
Territat qualis metuenda *Myſtam*!
Hinc profanatas temere, hinc relictas
Proſpicit Aras!
Heu nefas! ſtat pro *licito cupitum*!
Unice regnans ſua quemque raptat
Prava *Natura*, imperiumque Cœli
Libera temnit!
Alme, nunc ſi unquam, Pater ô, tuorum
Sis memor, notos monituſque ſubdas!
Nam Tibi in ſortem bene præparatum
Pectus iniquam:
Et Tibi fido CAROLINA voces
Ultimas fudit Superiſque dignas,
Perfruens letho, Superos volentes
Mox aditura.

J. Land A. M. Coll. Ball. Soc.
& Academ. Proc. Jun.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

WHile CAROLINE's ſad Obſequies ſupply
Sighs to each Breaſt, and Tears to ev'ry Eye;
While the laſt Honours to their QUEEN are paid,
Let not the Learn'd deny their tuneful aid.
The Learn'd, ah! Gracious QUEEN, for Thee ſhall ſing,
For Thee the Learn'd ſhall wake the ſilent ſtring.
But chief, where *Iſis* rolls her gentle tides,
Her Sons ſhall mourn along her verdant ſides,
Shall tune the Lyre to CAROLINA's Fame,
And ſwell with grateful tears the humble ſtream.
While ſtand the Walls, by fam'd PHILIPPA rais'd,
With Her's Thy Name for ever ſhall be prais'd.
The Learn'd and Virtuous to Thy honour'd Tomb
With awful Duty and Reſpect ſhall come,
And o'er Thy Relicks, each revolving year,
Shall heave the Sigh, and drop the pious Tear.
With them thoſe hours, from Majeſty releas'd,
T' improve in uſeful Converſation pleas'd,
With them to nobler Themes You rais'd Your Thought,
The ſplendid cares of Royalty forgot.
While other Realms, and other Cares demand
The wiſe direction of our Sov'reign's hand:
Secure in Thee, by the ſame gentle arts,
He reign'd o'er willing minds, and grateful Hearts.
O Worthy of that Crown, You juſtly bore,
The due reward of Empire ſcorn'd before;
Scorn'd for Religion's ſake: This ſtill preferr'd,
This firſt of Duties claim'd Thy firſt regard.
Through each bright ſcene of Thy harmonious Life,
This taught the Daughter, and This form'd the Wife;
This fram'd the Queen, the Parent, and the Friend;
This hallow'd all Thy Life, and calm'd its end.
In midſt of Pain, Thy Soul, ſerenely Great,
Roſe o'er it's torments, pleas'd to meet it's Fate.
In that laſt trial, dreadful and ſevere,
How ſhone Thy Innocence, Thy Virtue clear!
Ah! with what pious tranſport glow'd each breaſt,
What mournful joy, to ſee Thy Faith confeſs'd!
Born on Devotion's Wings how ſoar'd Your mind,
Compos'd each thought, and ev'ry wiſh reſign'd!

Till drooping, dying, ſpent, your Spirits faint,
And all the Queen 's exalted to the Saint!
But Thou, Great Sir, O give Thy ſorrows reſt,
And calm the tumult of Thy lab'ring breaſt;
If yet Thy Subjects may preſume to bear
Their ardent wiſhes to their Sov'reign's ear.
Though the lov'd Partner of Thy Crown is gone,
The pleaſing Aid, and Solace of Thy Throne:
Though ev'ry place, each object, that You ſee,
Each care You feel, awakes Her memory;
Yet let the King aſſert his native worth,
Yet let our Guardian call his Courage forth.
See diſtant Lands Thy Mediation own,
Thy Friendſhip court, or tremble at Thy frown;
Where e'er Thy Glorious Name th' afflicted chears,
Where e'er the *Britiſh* Fleet Thy Thunder bears.

John Potter
Eldeſt Son of the moſt Rev. His Grace
the Lord Archbp. of *Canterbury*
M. A. and Student of Chriſt Church.

QUos, mutans toties Lyram,
Triſtis *Pieri*, Quos invenies modos?
Quis ſpiret ſatis intimos
Luctus; Quis lacrymas & querimoniam
Non impar Citharæ ſonus?
Illa, Illa heu! nitido gratior *Heſpero*,
Et jucundior aſpici;
Felix Illa operum, dignaque plurimæ
Subſcribi Statuæ; Potens,
Prudenſque; Ingenii notaque & Artium
Fautrix, occidit, occidit!
Extincta eſt! toties Quæ nemore in nigro au-
-guſtas inter Imagines
(Quas olim memores Ipſa ſacraverat
Clarorum meritis Virûm)
Conſedit; Tetricæ quo dare *Palladi* eſt
Totos ſueta dies, agens
Quod ventura ſacris ſæcula conferant
Annæ conſiliis bonæ:
Magna aut *Virgo*, Tuis: Tu licet omnium

Paca-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Pacatrix marium feras
    Oppreſſa meritum nomen *Iberia.*
At cum vis violentior
    Morbi ſæviit, effuſius occupans
Venas, cernere erat palam
    Qualis, Quanta foret: quæ neque lacrymam
Nec ſuſpiria miſerit;
    Sed ſolata Suos vocibus & manu,
Nulliſque acta timoribus,
    Inclinans placide lumina, dormiit.
Salve ô! ſemper amabilis,
    Semper flenda! vide, ſupra alios querens
Iſis quæ Tibi conſecrat;
    Iſis, Naïadum dicta decentium.
Sunt nobis virides ſpecus;
    Et ſoli antra Tuo cedere quæ velint:
Nobis grati etiam Chori
    Muſarum, & cithara imberbis *Apollinis*:
Flores en! properat novos;
    Frondem en! quiſque Tibi nectere Myrteam:
Hic inter nemorum comas
    Te ſparſis lacrymis, Te memorabimus
Gratam, Te nimium brevem,
    Fuſi proper aquas, *Diva*, volubiles.

Thomas Potter, Reverendiſſimi in Chriſto
Patris *Joannis* Archiepiſc. Cant. Filius natu minor,
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus, A. B.

Εἰς Ἄγαλμα τῆς ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΗΣ.

Ἦν λεύσεις, εἰκὼν ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΗΣ ὄψιν Ἀνάσσης,
    Αὐτὴ σ' οἰμωκτὸν κάππεσεν εἰς ἀΐδην.
Οὐδὲ γὰ ἐπὶ μοίρας κρατερὰς ἐδυνήσατ' ἀμύνειν
    Δάκρυα τῆς Τέκνων, δάκρυα τῦ Πόσεως,
Ὃς νεῶ ἄσβεστον πόθον ἐν στήθεσιν ἀέξων
    Οὔποτε τῆς ἀλόχυ λήσεται οἰχομένης.
Ἦδε γὰρ ἐν πάντεσιν ὑπείροχος ἠῶ ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΗ,
    Τῆς πάτριδος κέρδος καὶ κλέος ἡμετέρας.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Ἦν δ' ἔπι καὶ μουσῆσι φίλη, φιλέεσκέ τε μοῦσας,
Πασάων χαρίτων ἀντιχαριζομένη.
Ἀλλά τι ζωὸν λέγω; πλέον ὄσσε γὸ ὄψιν ἀνάγκη
Ἦ τοδ' ἐπός· Βρέτονες πάντες ὀδυρόμεθα.

Guilielmus Gibſon,
Epiſcopi Lond. Filius.

O Quæ dolendas, *Melpomene*, vices,
Et fata Regum triſtia concinis,
Deſcende; verſi Te repoſcunt
Funeribus *Britonum* triumphi.
Noſtris, Deorum quiſquis amicior,
Lætuſque nuper *Pieridum* Chorus,
Fugere terris, & viciſſim
Sæva furit *Libitina* victrix;
Non uſitatam quæ ſibi victimam
Nunc arrogavit. Præſidium & decus,
*Mater*que regni luctuoſum
Non reditura adiit ſepulchrum.
Tu, *Came*, raucis murmuribus fluas,
*Iſiſ*que, fluctus Tu male languidos
Provolve; *Muſas* quæ colebat,
Quam pariter coluere *Muſæ*,
Quæſita *Divis* præpropero jacet
Abrepta fato, (Proh Diademata!
Proh! Spes caducas!) Vatibuſque
Triſte miniſterium reliquit.
Quod ſi reducant nec Citharæ ſoni,
Nec Te Tuorum reſtituant preces,
Dilecta PRINCEPS! at fidelis
Te manet officium *Camœnæ*;
Te, cui favebas, tempus in ultimum
Togata pubes tradere geſtiet,
Eburque nullum non ſonabit
Clara Tuæ monumenta famæ.
Hic enitentem corpore gratiam
Depinget, altæ mentis & indolem,
Moreſque ſuaves, & benignam
Pauperibus miſeriſque dextram.

Accen-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Accendet illi Pectora amabilis,
Auguſta *Proles*, ſub Penetralibus
Nutrita fauſtis, & PARENTIS
Eximias imitata laudes.
Narrabit alter, Pondus ut Imperi
Tu ſuſtineres; CÆSARIS ut vicem
Tu rite obires; & recludet
Fœminei decus omne Sceptri.
Scribet receſſus otia ſplendida
Hic literati; Quos *Thameſis* lavit
Richmondæ amœnos ſcribet hortos
Elyſio minus invidentes;
Ignota quondam Pagina qua Tua,
Newtone, pandit; --- non muliebriter
Arcana rerum qua ſagaci
Inſpiceres, CAROLINA, cura.
Ut Pectus ardor corripuit pius,
Quando capaci mente revolveres
Mira'cla mundi, Fabricæque
Artificem bene confitentis!
Nam Tu ſciebas, fertilis artium,
Qua vi tumeſcant æquora; lucidos
Qua vi coercent Aſtra curſus;
Qua *varius* ſinuatur *Arcus*.
At morte claram Quis temere loquax
Te ſumet olim dicere? Spiritus
Huic deerit æquus, dum laborat
Ah! tenui referens *Camœna*,
Ut mitigaret conſcia Sanctitas
Acrem dolorem, ſplendida conſpici!
Ut dura morbi, dura lethi
Plena Deo propiore ferres!
Paſſim rependet ſic Tua Munera,
O Magna PRINCEPS, *Pierius* Labor;
Sic omne floreſces per ævum
Perpetuis celebrata plectris.

Tho. Smallbroke A. B.
Rev. admodum in Chriſto Patris Epiſc. *Lich.* & *Cov.*
Filius Natu Maximus,
Coll. Trin. Schol.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

To the KING.

ACcept, GREAT SIR, a mourning Muſe's Lays
Bold to attempt Thy CAROLINA's Praiſe:
Rude are her Numbers, unrefin'd by Art,
She writes, in Tears, the Language of the Heart.
With anxious Thoughts and Loads of Grief oppreſt,
Unbidden Sighs ſtill heaving in her Breaſt;
How can She ceaſe for ever to deplore
The matchleſs CAROLINA now no more?
Philippa's Sons above the reſt bemoan
Their *Patroneſs*, their great *Protectreſs* gone.
The marble Form, that treads their lofty Dome,
Will ſhew Her Features through all Times to come;
Her Bounteous Acts a better Likeneſs give,
Which on their Hearts engrav'd as long ſhall live.
O! were my Pow'r but equal to my Zeal,
And could I true Poetick Raptures feel,
Then could I draw a more extended Scene,
And paint the Virtues of *Britannia*'s Queen;
Shew Her admir'd in every State of Life
A Guardian, Friend, a Mother and a Wife:
Shew, how She form'd, with each Diviner Grace,
The num'rous growing Hopes of *Brunſwick-Race*.
Shew, how She ſhar'd with Thee the Toils of State,
And free'd Thy Soul of half the cumbrous Weight;
Thy arduous Cares could lull to ſoft Repoſe,
And make the Crown ſit eaſier on Thy Brows.
Such was Her Merit, that it might alone
(As Heav'n decree'd) have rais'd Her to a Throne.
Whene'er, to poiſe the Scale of *Europe*'s Pow'rs,
The MONARCH deign'd to viſit foreign Shores,
How ſafely to His Royal Conſort's Hands
Did He entruſt his wide and high Commands?
Wiſely She temper'd the Severe and Kind,
And Majeſty with Mildneſs ſweetly join'd;
Could curb the Factious, ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
Raiſe drooping Merit --- make three Kingdoms bleſt.
Above all Empire, from Her early Youth,
True Piety She priz'd and ſacred Truth.

Of

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Of *Britiſh* Liberty eſpous'd the Cauſe,
Nor wiſh'd for Pow'r to rule above the Laws.
Science and *Letters* were Her fav'rite Care,
And high Attainments grac'd the *Royal Fair*.
How dwelt the *Law* of *Kindneſs* on Her Tongue?
From Her ſoft Breaſt what Streams of Pity ſprung?
She wip'd the Tears from ev'ry Orphan's Eye,
And caus'd the *Widow*'s *Heart to ſing for Joy*.
But theſe are Themes my weak Eſſays refuſe,
Fit for the Labours of a nobler Muſe.
Had *Addiſon*, reſerv'd by milder Fate,
Surviv'd to ſee our *Heroine*'s Courſe compleat,
Amidſt the foremoſt in the Rolls of Fame
Fix'd wou'd have ſtood Great CAROLINA's Name.
And if my plaintive Muſe can ought preſage,
Some brighter *Genius* in a future Age,
Inſpir'd by Her, ſhall from theſe Walls ariſe,
And lift thoſe ſhining Virtues to the Skies,
Which deck'd Her Soul with one unclouded Ray,
Thick as the ſtarry Worlds that croud the *Milky Way*.

Jonathan Dennis M. A.
of Queen's College.

Britannia & Charon.

B. NOctis ô Fili, *Stygiæ* paludis
Nauta, ſors urget gravior, preceſque
Rapta vi cogit CAROLINA me de-
-ſcendere in omnes.
Regiam nuper ſibi creditam Umbram
Da meæ reddat tua Cymba ripæ;
Simplici & ſaltem vice, Nauta, ne re-
-vertere ſolus.

C. Deſinas vanæ precis & querelæ:
Flecteret ſi me pietas dolorve,
Me tua haud durum pietas dolorque
Flecteret acer.
Sed *Stygis* præceps citius recurret
Lympha, quam curſus iterabit umbra
Sutili emergens rate, ſive Regis,
Sive Coloni.

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Sutili emergens rate, ſive Regis,
Sive Coloni.

Parva res *Iri* neque larga *Cræſi*
Fata mollibit: patitur ſupremos
Quiſque ſed Manes, petit inferoſque
Non rediturus.
Vexit hæc ANNAM Scapha; jam coercet
Hæc palus fletam ad ſuperos ELIZAM;
Qua patet Terræ Dominas potentes
Oceanique.
Nec ſubit Mentem temere querenti
GEORGII Fatum! modo tranſit undas
Hac Scapha Magnus Pater, & ſequetur
Filius ipſe.
B. Heu! minas ergo meruere Vota?
Cedo: quin poſthac ſuperos movebo,
Debita apponent ſuperi Maritæ
Luſtra Marito.

Chandos Hoskyns Baronetti Filius
è Coll. Balliol.

CUm moritura fuit *Regina*, en! naſcitur *Infans*,
Cæſaream minuat ne *Libitina* Domum.
Incrementa Domus ne jactet *Regia*, nata
Principe, *Reginam* mors inopina rapit.
Triſtia ſic lætis miſcens, bene *Jupiter Anglis*
Providet, exultent ne doleantve nimis.
Gaudia fert *Princeps*, *Regina* ea gaudia tollit;
Hæc luctum, luctus *Illa* levamen habet.
Hæc ſi magna fuit meritis, magna *Illa* futura eſt:
Agnoſcent Dominas ſecula bina pares.
Qualis erit *Princeps* modo nata, hæc proſpicit Ætas,
Reſpiciens *Princeps* mortua qualis erat.
Et cum poſteritas CAROLINAM ſcire requiret,
Cernet in AUGUSTA, quæ CAROLINA fuit.

Ric. Walwyn
Coll. Linc. Socio-Com.

ENna, per ruris loca læta, ſemper
Si modis urget querulis ademptam
Virginem, alterna vice recreantem
Lucis & umbræ
Regna;

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Regna; quis finem lacrymis, dolendi
Quis modum turbæ ſtatuat *Novenæ*?
Quæve, curarum inter amara, menti
Surgat imago
Grata ſolati? Heu! reditura nunquam
Præda deſcendis, CAROLINA, *Diti*,
Antehac Tutela, Decuſque *Muſis*
Materieſque:
Sive commiſſi moderare regni
Fræna; ſeu fido ſimulachra ponis
Marmore Heroum, comites laborum
Ducere Vates
Blanda; ſive hortis operare lætis,
Arte qua Natura vigens miniſtra
Pulchrior ridet meliorque, ſerum
Verque moratur:
Seu *Domum Muſis* ſtruis alma ſacram,
Qua Piam, qua Munificam Juventus
Te Tuis olim canet aucta donis,
Libera luctu:
Jam Tui nobis monumenta amoris
Exprimunt fletum, memor & calenti
Nos dolor dignas prohibet favillæ
Solvere grates.

Tho. Powell, è Coll. Regin.
Superioris Ordinis Commenſalis.

THrough fruitful Kingdoms, now a dreary Waſte,
With ghaſtly ſmiles as the *Deſtroyer* paſt,
Where wretches at each gaſp inhale diſeaſe,
Where the ſword ravages, and famine preys,
While miſeries and havock fill his ſight
His heart dilates, and glories in his might.
The ſcene now changes: other proſpects riſe:
Britain's ſecurity now wounds his eyes.
Muſt nought, He ſaid, this envied Land annoy?
No plagues lay deſolate? No wars deſtroy?
So mean my triumphs, and ſo few their ills,
My name no more with fear their boſom fills.
But ſhall the King of Terrors bear their ſcorn?
The ſcorn of Reptiles, for deſtruction born?

Rather let Greatneſs ſink beneath the blow,
And yielding Grandeur my Dominion ſhow.
The mighty Ruin will new dread impart;
Shake ev'ry ſoul, and melt the ſterneſt heart.
When meteors vaniſh, or a lamp expires,
What breaſt is mov'd? what eye their light requires?
But when the lâbouring Sun denies his ray,
In darkneſs loſt, whole Nations in diſmay
Tremble and ſicken: horror chills their veins,
And univerſal conſternation reigns.
'Tis then reſolv'd. --Their CAROLINE muſt fall:
The ſtorm, that breaks on Her, affects them all.
Surprize, perhaps, may propagate the wound,
And ſorrow ſpread fatality around.
Her inward Majeſty, Her ſtately Mein,
Her Wiſdom, Manners, all confeſs the QUEEN.
Then, ſince the KING muſt live, what greater Name,
What nobler Victim can my pow'r proclaim?
There, where Her thoughts my feeble darts defy,
Anticipating Immortality,
Where ſoaring She forgets Her mortal ſtate,
There ſhall She meet the firſt aſſaults of fate.
His hand confirms the dreadful words he ſpoke.
Certain, tho' ſecret, pierc'd th' envenom'd ſtroke.
Alaſs! the QUEEN! ſee, ſtrugling where She lies!
Good Heav'n! what throes! what pangs! what agonies!
Ah! what avails the Diadem She wears?
The ſighs of Princes, and a Nation's pray'rs?
Nor arts nor herbs can life one hour prolong;
So weak are medicines, Deſtiny ſo ſtrong!
Humanity could nothing more ſupply;
She taught us how to live, now teaches us to die.
Here ceaſe, my Muſe: nor ſhame the *Royal* Herſe
With humble numbers and unequal verſe.
The Majeſty of Grief no words can paint,
Sorrows, that can be utter'd, muſt be faint;
Silence beſt ſpeaks intenſity of woe:
The deepeſt ſtreams without a murmur flow.

J. H.
è Coll. Exon.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

LEt ev'ry Muſe, to CAROLINE moſt dear,
Tune the ſad Strings to Elegy ſincere.
Herſelf with ſoundeſt Learning grac'd, ſhe dy'd
Learning's great Guardian and the Muſe's Pride.
See penſive Crouds in ſolemn Pomp attend
To mourn a Queen, a Miſtreſs or a Friend!
Her Children fond with pious Zeal ſhall burn
And plaintive weep around the ſacred Urn.
The Widows Tears, which ſhe forbad to flow,
For Her again burſt forth with grateful Woe.
In comely Grief Her much-lov'd Troops are ſeen,
And mourn a Mother, whom they ſerv'd a Queen:
Yet Theſe can never want a Father's Care,
Whoſe Loſs a Monarch's bounteous Smiles repair.
But where ſhall now alas! the Muſes find
A Friend ſo true, a Patroneſs ſo kind!
Who now ſhall call from Want's obſcure Retreat
Her ſacred Sons to Plenty's genial Seat?
Who bid their Heroes Forms in Marble ſhine,
Or ſhield from envious Fate their Works divine?
Who teach their Domes to riſe with decent State,
Above the Inſults of the Proud and Great?
Oh! may they yet the Royal Favour ſhare,
And guard That Bleſſing with Religious Care!
In GEORGE, as CAROLINE, ſecure a Friend,
And late with BRUNSWICK's Race the Muſe's Glory end!
Thus true to *Numa*'s Law the Veſtals chaſte,
From Droſs impure, and each impetuous Blaſt
Thro' Ages long preſerv'd the Heav'n-born Flame,
And Health and Plenty bleſs'd the *Roman* Name.

J. Bilſtone M. A.
Chaplain of All Souls.

DOnarem ſtatuas fidaque marmora,
Quæ, *Regina*, tuum perpetuent decus;
Donarem Tabulas æraque, quæ tua
Tradant attonitis facta nepotibus;
Sed non hæc mihi vis, nec tua talium
Aut fama aut pietas indiget artium.

At Muſæ liceat ſpargere lilia,
Mœrenti liceat funeribus tuis
Et gratas lacrymas & gemitus dare.
Te viva fluvio copia divite
Manavit, miſeri nunc, Carolina, *Te*,
Quotquot pauperies pallida prægravat,
Abreptam numeris flebilibus gemunt.
Quantum noſtra Tibi debeat *Anglia*,
Teſtatur ſolium qui tenet *Auſtriæ*;
Is *Te* dum Sociam ſperat amabilem
Et ſceptra ante pedes projicit, invidis
Cernit luminibus, qua melior piam
Traxit Relligio, purior & fides.
O dilecta Tuis! o Patriæ Parens!
Quis nunc, quis *Britonum* funeribus tuis
Et gratas lacrymas & gemitus neget?
O paulum Æthereis deſpice ſedibus,
Hos luctus populi dumque vides tui,
Arride precibus! blanda *Britanniæ*
Rebus pervigili lumine proſpice
Nunc immiſta Deis; regnaque, quæ Tua
Ornavit pietas, Auſpiciis rege.

Gul. Larkham C. C. C. Diſcip.

תבכינה אנגליאיורת
תבכינה בכי מאד
כרולינא תמורת
יום הלז יום אבל הוא
יום אזל חפצנו בו
הוי אזל כבודנו
נבהלן פנים ראש חפוי
ימס לבב מראבון
גוי כבד מרת הרוח לו

תמות

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

תמות ואל יגדיל איבים
יחי מלך צורנו
ואנשי חיל לו וחכם הוא
יזכור יפחד השפני
וקינת עם אהב מלכימו
ועתה קינה לנו
תמות שרה אשר לא כהיא
אהבתי עם אהבה
ירבו יבכו למודים
היא אשר תתן קולם
היא לקונן תלמדם
כי חכמה לה מנשים
ולקח למודה היא
היא אהבה למודים
ותאסף אל אבותיה
המה כלם נכבדים
לו ככחך הארה ככחי
לשור גדלות עשום
ולי לא זאת לא כנור לי
ולקח ובינה לשור
כל עם יאמר שלום לנפשה
שלום לנפשה יאמר
בחייה אשר נגול בה
במותה חמדתנו

Ric. Brown A.M. Coll. Trin. Schol.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

VIx feſtæ officio lyræ
Illuſtres thalamos junctaque mutuis
Tædis pectora luſimus;
Jam Vatum pietas rite dolentium
Carmen lugubre præparat,
Abreptas populi delicias ſui
Urgens flebilibus modis.
Quales eliciet triſte ſonans lyra
Luctus & querimonias,
Percurrens animo multa ſuper pio,
Larga multa ſuper manu?
Quando fidus amor, quando benignitas
Multi prodiga muneris,
Aut puræ fidei cura tenacior
Reginam decorent parem?
Enutrita piis ſub penetralibus
Sceptrum reſpuit altius,
Nec pro polliciti dotibus imperi
Fixam deſeruit fidem.
Creſcit materies ſplendida carminis,
Seu cum conſilii potens
Curis incubuit provida publicis;
Seu cum feſſa negotiis
Partem ſuſtinuit demere de die,
Docto nobilis otio,
Et culti ſtudiis clarior ingeni.
Auctas inclyta literas
Fovit muneribus, pectore calluit;
Nuper præſidium & decus,
Nunc præbet querulæ materiem lyræ.
At jam pars melior ſui,
Jam rebus *Britonum* proſpiciat memor,
Regna, heu! non ſua, protegens;
Et quotquot CAROLINÆ invida dempſerint
Annos fata volubiles,
Addant incolumi prodiga GEORGIO.

Car. Hall A. B.
C. C. C. Diſcip.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

QUa trepidans multo obruitur Gens Regia fletu
En! CAROLINA jacet, palleſcens morte futura;
Ut lentos victor morbus depaſcitur artus!
Ut cor incerto pulſu luctatur anhelans!
Jam feſſum irrequieta latus mutare laborat
Paulatim ſeſe attollens, jam lapſa recumbit
Cervicem inflexam ponens, oculoſque natantes
Clauſit, ſupremamque gemens animam exhalavit.
Stant fixi luctu Proceres, mœſtuſque per omnes
It gemitus, torpent animi rationis egentes,
Et taciti nequicquam errantia lumina volvunt.
At Matres Aulam lachrymoſis vocibus implent,
Reſpondent Arces, & lento *Thameſis* amne
Perſtringens ripas; mœſtumque remurmurat Æther.
Audiit, agnovitque ſonum præſaga malorum
AUGUSTA, infantemque tremens ad pectora preſſit:
Ter mœſto intuitu impendens, ter dulcia fixit
Oſcula, ter vultum lacrymis atque ora rigavit;
Vix tandem erumpens; "heu! tanti neſcia luctus
"Tu ſecura jaces, & blando brachia ludo
"Porrigis ad Matrem, ridens inhiante labello.
"Me curæ miſeram ingentes, me luctus inhærens
"Torquet, quando Illam crudelia fata tulerunt,
"Quæ magnas creſcentem animam formaret ad artes
"Imperii, primis quam mirareris ab annis.
Fortior at juxta Conjux humentia libans
Oſcula, "ne Te, inquit, vano ſuaviſſima queſtu
"Incendas, quæ dura dedit Fortuna, feramus.
Dixit, at Ipſe ſibi tumidam cervice retorta
Abſterſit lacrymam, quæ furtim elapſa fluebat.

Gulielmus Dowdeſwell ex Æde Chriſti
Sup. Ord. Comm.

EHeu delicias breves!
Eheu ſpes *Britonum* quam ſubita vice
Fractas! ante diem cadit,
Multi ſponſa cadit Regia nominis!
Muſarum in tumulum cohors
Diffundet lacrymas, & memori canet

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Verſu, quos cineres pios
Quantaſque exuvias Urna gemens habet;
In qua Veſtrum, *Academia*,
Veſtrum & Præſidium, *Eccleſia*, conditur.
At jam deſine luctuum,
Gens o mæſta nimis deſine! Principis
Quod Mortale perit, tamen
Fatorum invidia plurima pars caret.
En! ut ſurgit amabile
Felix Progenies, cui Pietas, Fides,
Cui Virtus eadem & Pudor,
Blandumque Ingenium, ſanctaque Caſtitas.
Servent Corda *Britanniæ*
Illius placidam ſemper imaginem,
Quæ talem exhibuit (Decus
Anglorum) ſobolem, tam ſimilem ſui!
Queis ſpes poſt obitum perit,
Solvant ſe in lacrymas! at ſciat *Anglia*
Felix, immeritam mori
Virtutem ad ſuperos carpere iter Deos!
Noſtro hæc lapſa polo, novos
Quæret ſtella polos pulchra, recentium
Semper fertilis ignium;
Immittetque jubar mite *Britanniæ*.

Robertus Shipman
Coll. Omn. Anim.

CUm ſacro vellem Tumulo ſuperaddere carmen,
Atque pias, *Rhedycina*, Tuis miſcere querelas,
Ante oculos En! alma meos ſe fiſtit imago,
Nec mortale ſonans his leniter admonet Umbra.
"Mitte ſupervacuos, quos jam perſolvis, honores;
"His melius, faſtu quos gloria paſcit inani,
"Accumules donis; potiori morte beatam
"Me ſine inornato tandem requieſcere ſaxo.
"Illæſus Pietatis honos; Reverentia Divum;
"Mens inopem miſerans; columen mea dextra Se-
"nectæ;
"*Angligenum* varios verſans Prudentia caſus,
"Conjugis aſſiduum præſens lenire laborem;

"Dota-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

"Dotatæque olim *Iſiacæ*, mea Cura, Camœnæ,
"Nil veſtræ jam laudis egent. Sua præmia Virtus
"In cœlo Diis chara refert, terrenaque temnit.
---- Dixit, & avertens divina luce refulſit.

Car. Wymondeſold
Sup. Ord. Comm.
è Coll. Univ.

DIva, quæ cantus numeroſque flectis
Lugubres, tangas citharam loquacem,
Neve *Reginæ* Cineri recuſes
Flebile carmen.
Quæ tamen laudes referat Camœna?
Quæ valet tantam celebrare Famam,
Parca quum nobis adimit maligna
Te, CAROLINA?
Tu Decus Phœbi, & generoſa Fautrix
Artium, Tu *Pieridum* benigna
Occidis rebus, monumenta condens
Non peritura.
Te colit grata *Rhedycina* mente
Pacis Altricem, Pietatis almæ
Principem, & mœrens lachrymis calentem
Proluit Urnam.
Parce ſed tandem vacuis querelis,
Non eget veſtro CAROLINA luctu,
Nec modis gaudet miſeris, ab omni
Parte beata.
Næniis cur ſit locus & dolori?
Illa cœleſtes micat inter ignes,
Illa dilectos moderatur *Anglos*
Sidere fauſto.

Franc. Thiſſlethwayte
è Coll. Wadh.
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

To the *Princeſs* of *Wales.*

SAy, Graceful Mourner, whence thoſe tender Sighs,
Why droops thy Head, why fade thy beauteous Eyes?
Can rigorous Fate a Heart ſo gentle move,
Heav'n prove unkind, or FREDERIC ceaſe to love?
Alas! Expreſſive Woe reveals thy Smart,
All the ſoft Language of the bleeding Heart
Speaks CAROLINA's Fate. --- The much-lov'd Name
That faireſt ſhines thro' all the Roll of Fame,
Demands thy Tears. --- See! Tears around Thee flow,
While Nations feel the wide-extended Woe.
Who now ſhall lend to want the pitying Ear?
Who wipe from widow'd Eyes the falling Tear?
The helpleſs Orphans liv'd from Her alone,
And in the Royal Parent found their own.
Let vary'd Pomp the glittering Courtier pleaſe,
The ſplendid Joy, or the Luxurious Eaſe;
Her's was the generous Labour to ſuſtain
Fair Virtue's Cauſe, and Learning's peaceful Reign.
Teach the vain Heart with new-felt Warmth to glow,
Raiſe ſuppliant Want, and check the haughty Brow.
While Love in all her Acts with Truth combin'd,
The Female Softneſs, with the Patriot Mind.
Bleſt *Queen*! Whoſe Worth thro' every Age ſhall grow,
Till Virtue ceaſe to pleaſe, or Verſe to flow.
No more thy Smiles admiring Courts ſhall charm,
Thy Voice inſtruct, or thy Example warm.
From Cares unnumber'd that ſurround the Great,
From painful Grandeur, and precarious State,
To thoſe Pacific manſions art Thou flown
Where to be Great and to be Bleſs'd, are one;
Where Kings the laſting Crown ſhall wear, decreed
For Laws protected, and for Nations freed.
Where GEORGE and ANNA range the bliſsful Glade,
Great WILLIAM's awful Form, and MARY's gentle Shade.
Ceaſe not, Thou Guardian Goddeſs, ſtill to ſmile
On thy lov'd Coaſt, and cheer the drooping Iſle.
On each ſad Heart thy Genial Influence pour,
Inſpire the Regions, which You bleſs'd before,

But

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

But ſee *Britannia*! ſee thy deſtin'd Fate,
See Glories riſe, and Joys around thee wait.
No longer ſhall thine Eye with Tears o'erflow,
Nor the pale Cypreſs wreath thy mournful Brow.
Rather, Lov'd Princeſs, while thy pleaſing Ray
Diſpells the Gloom, and brings again the Day;
Let every Tongue a grateful *Pæan* ſing,
In every Breaſt triumphant Ardour ſpring.
Lo! we can ſtill a CAROLINA view
And match the Bright Original in You.

Rich. Beranger
Commoner of Univ. Coll.

QUa fluis leni ſinuoſa curſu,
O! feras Tecum lacrymas tuorum,
Et tuæ ſpargens Dominæ recentem,
Iſi, favillam,
Funebrem dic Te meminiſſe ELIZÆ
Pompam, & infandum populi dolorem,
Præda cum victrix cecidit rapacis
ANNA ſepulchri:
Sed nec occumbens Animoſa Virgo,
Iſi, nec rapta è mediis triumphis
ANNA majori *Britonum* movebat
Pectora luctu.
At licet Formam Dominæ decoram, &
Corpus, & quicquid fuerat caducum
Sæva vis Morbi, domuitque, paſcens
Ilia, Peſtis,
Nomen ac Famam tamen O tuendam
Filiis *Phœbi* memor, *Iſi*, mandes;
Hac Tibi longum CAROLINA fiat
Parte ſuperſtes.

Joannes Peachey
Baronetti Filius,
ex Æde Chriſti Sup. Ord. Com.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

DIva potens citharæ, lugubres præcipe cantus,
Melpomene; reſidem nimis heu! crudelia poſcunt
Fata chelyn, chordaſque movet *Libitina* loquaces.
Illa Decus noſtræ quæ nuper amabile gentis
Audiit, illa ingens ſceptri Tutela *Britanni*,
Ah! jubet infandum fruſtra ſpirare dolorem
Oxonidas, tumuloque recentes ſpargere flores.
I multæ ſtudioſa roſæ, Dea, necte corollam;
I peragas mæſtum, ſi qua eſt ea gloria, carmen.
Scilicet æthereas arces adſcripta Deorum
Ordinibus CAROLINA adiit, quam regia cœli
Jamdudum invidit terris, nimiumque propago
Viſa potens *Britonum*, propria hæc ſi dona manerent!
Ecquis erit deſiderio pudor, ecquis honorum
Flebilium modus? ah! Te, Diva, per Iſidis undas,
Per ſaltus *Rhedycinæ*, & conſcia mœnia *Phœbi*,
Non humili flevit cantu numeroſa Juventus.
Tu Decus omne tuis; Te raptam Eccleſia matrem,
Te viduæ flevere Artes; Geniuſque *Britannûm*
Regalem effundit lacrymas reclinis in urnam.
Auſpice te, Muſis Domus hoſpita nobilis oti
Florebat ſtudiis; Tu, Fautrix alma juventæ,
Doctrinæ ſacras ædes, Tu ſurgere tecta
Juſſiſti, æterno ſervantia nomine famam.
Stant hic, ſtant animi ingentis monumenta; licebit
Hic ſaltem, *Oxonidis* Divæ placida ora tueri,
Mollius & fixo ſpirantes marmore vultus.
Id vitæ pretium Tibi ſit, REGINA, caducæ,
Quod fama æternum vives, poſt fata ſuperſtes.

R. Mather
è Coll. Æn. Naſ. Sch.

LUget *Pieridum* chorus,
Lugent *Pierii* deliciæ chori
Pubes; & ſimul æmula
Fletus *Granta* ſuos dat *Rhedycina*que.
Extinctam immerita nece
Commiſtis Juvenes Te, CAROLINA, Te
Poſcunt flebile queſtibus,
Concordeſque lyræ flebile murmurant.

Quin

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Quin & Turba ſenum gravis,
Queis fortes Animi, queis Ratio altior,
Planctus fæmineos cient,
Et molles nequeunt ſiſtere lacrymas:
Nec mirum; placidum jubar
Quæ vibrare ſolent, nubibus invidis
Luctus merſa inamabilis
Auguſti latitant Ora GEORGII!
At Rerum o! Decus optimum
Noſtrarum & Columen, ſis populi memor,
Blandum lætior exere
Vultum, & ſollicitis planctibus abſtine.
Te Conjux Dominum altera
Ulnis excipiet læta volentibus.
Quæ non fœmina nobilis
Illuſtris thalami grande petet decus?
Quotquot nomina Principum
Europæ variis partibus emicant,
Se Regi *Britonum* ſtudent
Arctis connubii jungere vinculis.

Joh. Conyers
Sup. Ord. Com. è Coll. Univ.

HEu! Decus heu! Gentis columen, REGINA, *Britannæ*
Pallentes ingens Hoſpes deſcendis ad umbras;
Non tamen indecorem extrema Te in morte relinquent
Pierides, REGINA, Tuæ: Te, Maxima, dicent
Carminibus *Phœbi* chorus omnis, & inclyta facta
Certatim, æternumque ferent ad ſidera nomen.
Quin Ipſe, *Iſiacæ* turbæ pars infima, lucos
Cantabo, Ruriſque tui gratiſſima quondam
Otia, fallaci ductos ſinuamine calles,
Antraque non humili dudum celebrata camœna.
Heu! quoties ſola ſpatiari aſſueta ſub umbra,
Agreſti quoties gaudens ſuccedere tecto,
Nec dum oblita ſui, nec Majeſtatis honori
Defuit. Ut *Pallas* quondam, aut *Saturnia Juno*
Idæas viſura caſas, fulgentia liquit
Atria, & auratas ſedes Penetralia Divum,
Feliceſque *Jovis* thalamos; Decor integer oris
Reſtat adhuc, ſpiranſque Auguſtæ gratia Formæ.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Tu tamen infando ſenſim exuperata dolore
Occidis, ah Regis *Britonum*que aſperrima Cura!
O Patria, Heroum Domus, *Anglia*! Nec tamen omnis
Perdita, ſed longum fato firmanda per ævum,
Dum Domus *Hannoviæ*, & CAROLINÆ magna propago
Imperet, & patriis pacet virtutibus Orbem.

Gulielmus Cliffe
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

SI, memor forſan *Britonum* tuorum,
Deſpicis terras, CAROLINA, genti
Parce dilectæ, & miſerere triſtis
Candida turbæ;
Quæ modis Te flebilibus repoſcit
Multa ſingultans, animoque fido
(Heu nimis Veſtri ſtudioſa) luctus
Fundit inanes.
At quis effuſas *Britonum* refrænet
Lacrymas, almum *Pietatis* ignem &
Mille in illuſtri recolens nitentes
Pectore dotes?
Quis modum juſto ſtatuat dolori,
Cum videt quantam *Libitina* raptat
Atra Virtutem, immeritamque prædam
Sæva reportat?
Magna ſed cœlis pietatis ignem
Gloria inſignit; melius renident
Splendidæ dotes; viget acriori
Lumine Virtus.
Lacrymæ ceſſent, ſileant querelæ;
Arduis ſeſe Dea miſcet aſtris;
GEORGIUS terris ſoboleſque reſtat
Plurima GEORGI.
Regium o vere Genus! ut Parentum
Aureos mores avido æmulantur
Pectore! ut fauſta CAROLINA ſpirat
Prole ſuperſtes!

Georgius Pitt è Coll. Magd.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis.

SOlers canorum tangere Barbiton,
Promat querentes *Melpomene* modos,
Triſtiſque lætum luctuoſo
Mutet ebur *Rhedycina* plectro.
Et Tu, ſupernis quæ nova ſedibus
Accedis hoſpes, ſuſcipe quo ſoles
Benigna vultu, quicquid audent
Sollicitæ, tua cura, Muſæ.
Te turba Vatum carmine flebili
Lugent Patronam; dum Tibi debitas,
Luctu laborantes in uno,
Exequias peragunt Camœnæ.
Atras ut inter ſtemmata Laurea
Nectunt Cupreſſos! ut lachrymabilis
Procedit Ordo funebremque
Inſtituit tibi, *Diva*, pompam!
Quin & *Britannos* hic ſuperat dolor,
Et dura Gentis pectora martiæ
Tu ſola frangis; Te querelis
Nunquam alias gemit uſitatis.
O chara nobis, noſtra nec amplius
Dicenda, clamant, quonam agiles fugax
Expandis alas? Quo recedis,
Non precibus revocanda noſtris?
Tu ſidera inter, ſidere purior,
Dum nos ademptam quærimus irriti,
Sublime regnas, & relictam
Spernis humum fugiente penna.
In Te reclinem vidimus *Angliam*,
Tu ſola ſpes, quum *Cæſar* in exteras
Migravit oras, ſceptra linquens
Fœmineæ moderanda dextræ.
Sole ut remoto, Luna vicario
Illuſtrat orbem lumine, ſic vices
Abſentis explebas mariti,
Non ſine Dîs animoſa Conjux.
At ſegnis Orcus fata recludere,
Late patentis nil decus imperi
Curat, ſed ipſis heu! timendum
Principibus meditatur ictum.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Quin *Cæſari* ater quondam aderit dies,
Terrena linquens quum fugiet ſequax,
Quo prævium læta in ſupernas
Carpſit iter CAROLINA ſedes.
At Ille, noſtræ ſi quid agant preces,
Serus paternum tendat in æthera,
Et Conjugi quos Fata demunt,
Appoſitis potiatur Annis.

Jac. Merrick
Coll. Trin. Schol.

O! ſi funereos, *Melpomene*, tuum eſt
Ritus flebiliter pingere, ſi tuum
Extinctos meritis tollere honoribus,
Et Buſto decus addere;
Frontem palmitibus cincta cupreſſinis
Heu! triſtes numeros, triſte melos cie;
Atque Urnam lacrymis ſpargito Regiam
Mœroris bene prodiga.
Eheu! quando Tibi plenior adfuit
Luctus Materies? --- Quod ſcelus, *Albion*,
Tam funeſta *Jovis* fulmina provocat,
Et Dextram nimis efferam?
En! dira exitii Scena recluditur!
Regni dulce decus, præſidium cadit,
Doctrinæ columen, præſidium cadit,
Heu! ludus necis inſolens!
At ſi *Pierius* quid valeat Labor,
Tu lethi fragilem, *Diva*, potentiam
Victrix effugies; tempora in ultima
Soſpes vivet Honor tuus.
Enarrans Atavos Muſa fideliter
Excelſi repetet Stemmata Sanguinis,
Et Patrum ſerie ſat licet inclyta
Pinget Te magis inclytam.
Dicet, candidulæ quam Tibi Virgini
Dulces contulerint munera *Gratiæ*,
Quam Regina *Venus* reddidit Auream,
Quam Totam ſimilem Sui.

Ac

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Ac, ſi tanta poteſt, fors temeraria
Laudis magnificam ſurget in Aream,
Et dotes animi ſumet amabiles
Grato tollere carmine:
Dotes, quas recolens *Auſtriacæ* Domus
Hæres ſollicitis ſerbuit Ignibus;
Tu, nutrita piis ſub Penetralibus,
Tædas ſpernere Nobilis,
Queis ſincera Fides, Cultus & integer
Præclarum obſtiterant. --- Nam Tibi carior
Sceptris Relligio, carior omnibus
Celſi blanditiis throni.
At non immemores hæc Pietas Deos
Senſit: quin meritum Laus tua præmium
Compenſata tulit: Dii Tibi Principem,
Dii ſummum Imperium dabant.
At conceſſa Tibi dona perennia
Feciſſent utinam! --- vix bene particeps
Aſcendis Solium, cum tua ſtamina
Crudelis ſecat *Atropos*.
Heu! mœſtæ citius rapta *Britanniæ*
Ergo æternum aberis? Nec reditum Tuum
Fatorum patitur dira Neceſſitas?
Cui nunc gaudia GEORGIUS
(Te ſublata Animæ dimidio ſuæ)
Aut curæ parilis triſtia dividet?
Cujus victor ovans Ille ſuperbiet
Lauros projicere ad Pedes?
Tu lugubre fugax, O! Patriæ Parens,
Summum tendis iter non remeabile,
Dum fruſtra miſeris *Anglia* luctibus
Poſcit præſidium Deos.
Quin & *Caſtalides* deliciæ Tibi
Nuper, *Te* querulæ, *Te* Dominam petunt;
*Merlinuſ*que Specu triſtis ab intimo
Fautricem revocat ſuam.
At majora alio Dii *Tibi* deſtinant;
Accedis Superis Incola Sedibus;
Ac immiſta ſimul *Cœlicolis*, throno
Felici magis inſides.

Johan. Hall A. B.
è Coll. Magd. Semicommunarius.

מה זאת אשר שמעתי
צעקה מרה מאד
מדוע תשב בוכה
על נהרות תמישיש
בתולה בת בריתנא
אוי מתה אם העמים
מות מתה כרולינא
מי יהי אחריה
לנחמת מלכנו
או ישועת מלכויות

Ὀλωλε φεῦ Ανασσα
Ιμερτάτη γυναικῶν.
Γαμέτης μὲν, ὥστε τρήρων
Η ἰζάνει ἐπ' ὄζοις,
Μόνος χέει ὀδυρμόν.
Αὐτῦ δὲ οἱ νεοσσοὶ
Μητρὸς ποθῇ ἀπούσης
Μινυρὴν ἱεῖσι φωνήν.
Λευκοπτέρα δὲ μήτηρ
Ερασμίη πέλεια
Τὰ ὀρφνοῦ φρονῦσα
Φύγε μακρὸν εἰς Ολυμπον.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

DIva, ſi noſtri Tibi cura reſtet,
Si Tuum tangant Animum peractæ
Res adhuc vitæ, miſeros Tuorum
Reſpice luctus.
Inde Te quanti facerent *Britanni*,
Quam colunt vera Pietate, cernas;
Publicum nuper Decus, occidiſti
Publica cura.
Cæſarem, cujus tremuere Nomen
Barbaræ Gentes, lacrymæ obruerunt;
Cæſarem hoc uno licuit videre
Vulnere victum.
Ut queas molem hanc, FREDERICE Princeps,
Suſtinere? Eheu, Minor ille Natu
Ut ferat lucem, Genetricis almæ
Fata revolvens!
Læte, Vos, quondam Chorus, O Puellæ
Regiæ, quantos Gemitus cietis,
Quis Deus ludos, hilaremque vitam
Turbat iniquus?
Cum Tuum Funus, CAROLINA, Conjux
Urgeat fletu, Domus omnis urget;
Civis ah ſacræ lacrymam fidelem ad-
-miſceat Urnæ!

Johannes Free, M. A.
Ædis Chriſti Capellanus.

WHenever Princes grace the nuptial State,
Or fall a victim to impartial Fate;
The Poet ſtrikes his diff'rent-ſounding Lyre,
As joy or grief the various Notes inſpire.
Happy the Theme when *Hymen* wakes the Muſe!
The eaſy Task with pleaſure he purſues;
In ſprightly Strains diſplays AUGUSTA's Worth,
And as her leaſt Perfection ſings her Birth;
Relates what Virtues grace the BRUNSWICK Line,
And how united all in FRED'RICK ſhine;
Sees a long Race of Kings unborn ariſe,
And by their Father's ſteps aſcend the Skies.

Not ſo when rig'rous Death commands his Lays,
Hard is the task, reluctant he obeys:
Ungrateful ſounds his melancholy lyre,
While riſing ſorrows drown the Poets fire;
Each rugged verſe, the harſh untuneful ſtyle,
Too plainly ſhew that *Phœbus* ceas'd to ſmile:
Urg'd by no Muſe, by gen'rous pity mov'd,
He pays the laſt ſad Debt to Her he lov'd.
All-gracious Pow'rs, theſe turns of Fate forbear!
Too quick the change from Pleaſure to Deſpair!
To raiſe our hopes with flatt'ring ſcenes of Bliſs,
To lay the ground for laſting Happineſs,
You bade AUGUSTA grace the *Britiſh* Court,
And in Her FRED'RICK meet a kind Support,
To fire with hopes ſtill greater ev'ry Breaſt,
With one fair Pledge their growing Loves you bleſs'd;
For this all *Britain*'s Iſle with tranſports glow'd,
And each glad Heart with gratitude ore'flow'd.
Say, why did Heaven this ſmiling Aſpect wear?
Why, but to make it's Frowns the more ſevere?
Say why did Heav'n theſe Bleſſings firſt beſtow?
To ſink us deeper in the gulph of Woe?
For theſe gay ſcenes ſoon vaniſh'd into Air,
And all was Grief, and all was black Deſpair;
At once to kill our Hopes and damp our Joys,
You bade the Tyrant ſeize the Royal Prize.
Ye ſacred Prieſts, that round the Altar wait
To pay the laſt ſad Tribute to the Great,
For her Remains your ſolemn Rites prepare,
Who made your Glory once her only Care!
For you on Kingdoms ſhe with ſcorn look'd down,
And for Religion's Cauſe deſpis'd a Crown:
Not all thoſe Gems on *Britain*'s Crown that blaze,
Nor all thoſe Realms that anſwer to their Rays,
Her Soul could move; 'twas real Worth alone,
And not the dazling Grandeur of a Throne:
Puſh'd on by Virtue, by true Greatneſs fir'd,
Her nobler Mind to Heav'n alone aſpir'd:
That Honour hence became *Britannia*'s due,
Whoſe Rites unſpotted plac'd that Heav'n in view.
Then ſay, Ye Choirs, that in th' etherial Pole
With tranſports hail each pure departed Soul,

Say

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Say do you now in triumph raiſe your Voice?
Or do you grieve not rather than rejoice?
The Soul you've gain'd with pureſt luſtre ſhines,
But by that Gain your Intereſt here declines;
Had you but ſpar'd that Life we now deplore,
Her Piety had won You thouſands more.

John Hoo Gent. Comm.
Of Magd. Coll.

ERgo nec omnis artium ſalubrium
Valebat uſus intimis
Peſtem medullis ſubditam depellere?
Ergo fideles lacrymæ
Regis, preceſque ſupplicis *Britanniæ*
Vitam fugacem ſiſtere
Nihil valebant? At, Pii ſuperſtites,
Vos ſaltem inani munere
Charis honores *Manibus* perſolvite.
Surgat peritus Artifex,
Qualis ſolebat ſpiritum Victoribus
Poſt fata *Graiis* reddere,
Tuæque, GEORGI, *Conjugis* raptæ memor
Ponatur arte plurima
Marmor: ſtet *Ipſa* qualis ingens Imperi
Suffecit una ponderi.
Illi propinquet ampla *Virtutum* cohors,
Pedes ad imos *Illius*
Contempta ſceptra fulgeant *Iberiæ*:
Nec abſit hinc & hinc ſacra
Proles, Parentis fata direptæ gemens;
Nec abſit Ipſe GEORGIUS;
At Ille velet ora veſte lugubri,
Nam ſi reſurgeres, *Scopa*,
Haud dignus eſſes qui *Mariti* flebiles
Vultus relicti poneres.

Carolus Vernon Baronetti Fil.
Ex Æde Chriſti Commenſalis.

CÆſaris conjux CAROLINA magni,
Cui parem non inveniet Pudorque,
Et Fides albo redimita Panno,
Caſtaque Virtus;
Te canam, Cœlo Populiſque charam,
Te canam, noſtrum decus; & per altos
Nubium tractus tua Fama noſtris
Verſibus ibit.
Pars tui ſævam, CAROLINA, mortem
Multa vitabit, neque Te ſilebunt
Poſteri, dum *Brunſvicii* Nepotes
Sceptra tenebunt.
Cum, nimis certa feriens ſagitta,
Te dedit longo *Libitina* ſomno,
Vulnus infandum ſibi gens *Britanna*
Senſit adactum.
Læſerat noſtras ubi Murmur Aures,
Te gravi prædam cecidiſſe Morbo,
Angliæ luctus *Niobæus* omnes
Obruit Urbes.
Obruit Muſas & *Apollinarem*
Maximus Turbam dolor, audiitque
Flebiles Vatum numeros querentum
Iſidis Unda:
Non in umbroſis *Heliconis* oris
Edidit plures pia Muſa planctus,
Cum caput *Nati* lacerum perempti
Volveret *Hebrus*:
Dent Lyræ mœſtos numeros, nec atræ
Næniæ deſint, Elegique pompæ.
Quis Tibi vates, CAROLINA, carmen
Triſte negabit?
Si tui quis ſit, CAROLINA, vates
Immemor, fruſtra minus audientes
Invocet Muſas, manibuſque ſemper
Barbitos abſit.
Tu Fidem puram, Patriumque cultum
Principis tædæ pia prætuliſti,
Clara *Germani* renuens vocari
Cæſaris Uxor:

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

At Tibi cum *Brunſvicii* merenti
Fata donaſſent Thalamum, tuamque
Anglicæ gentis moderanda dextram
Fræna ſubiſſent,
Caſtior non *Penelope* cubilis
Jura ſervavit, neque Plebs regentem
Angla dilexit magis, aut peremptam
Flevit ELIZAM.
Ignea defert Tibi nunc in Arce
Alterum, tutum Diadema virtus,
Et tuis aptat propriam capillis
Læta Coronam.

Edm. Gapper
è Coll. Wadh. Commenſ.

JUſtos, ſi quando, luctus incendite Muſæ
Iſiacæ, neque enim vobis caput occidit unquam
Flebilius, quamvis triſtes ceciniſtis *Elizæ*
Interitum veſtræ, quamvis miſerabile carmen
Deficiente ANNA cunctata exaudiit *Iſis*.
Parca ergo rapuit CAROLINAM infeſta *Britannis*?
Ergo abiit votis toties revocata ſuorum?
Nec Pietas quæ ſceptra refugit *Ibera*, nec illam
Conjugium *Auguſti* morituram aut tanta juvabat
Progenies? quæ nunc luctu percuſſa recenti
Ah! miſeræ nimia Matri pietate parentat.
En! ut inornatæ quondam nitidiſſima Nymphæ
Turba dolent, ludorum illæ lætæque choreæ
Immemores ---- En! ut ſortem FREDERICUS acerbam
Nequicquam teneris AUGUSTÆ mœret in ulnis
Illacrymans ---- Nec Te, ſævis exercite curis,
Delectant dulces olim, GULIELME, *Camœnæ*:
Non Venator agis cervos per aperta, nec acrem
Flectis equum, non virtutis documenta futuræ
Armas impubes belli ſimulachra catervas.
At quæ Te Muſa, infelix, quo carmine freta,
NASSOVI ſociata toro ſolabitur, ANNA?
Quam mediæ optatis arcent amplexibus undæ;
Nec licuit charæ mandata noviſſima *Matris*
Exaudire, pio ſemper memoranda dolore,
Nec gelidam jam jam morituræ attingere dextram.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Tu vero, quoniam nullam exorabilis audit
Imperioſa precem *Proſerpina* (Te Tua quamvis
Brunſvicæ haud indigna Domus CAROLINA reliquit)
Eſto Tuæ, *Rex magne*, memor, noſtræque ſalutis:
Quis maria infeſtet late Tua, quid ſtruat audax
Hiſpanus, qua quiſque *Britanni* Nominis hoſtis
Spe tumeat, meditare, tuamque ulciſcere gentem:
Tales digna Tibi fient ſolatia curæ:
Qualis ubi ipſe ſuum vidit *Sarpedona* cæſum
Jupiter, ingemuit lachrymans Pater, inde reſumit
Imperium, meritas imbrem demittit amicum
In terras, tonitruve ſuperbas eruit urbes.

Georgius Jubb
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

EHeu! quos egit nuper *Libitina* triumphos,
Dira per *Angliacos* dum male ſævit agros!
Huc illuc graſſata ima cum fæce popelli
Proruit inſignes, nomina magna, viros.
Summum Pontificem pullata Eccleſia plorat,
Languet & amiſſo Vindice pura Fides:
Prima mali labes! nec longum tempus & Heros
Bello ac Pace diu conſpiciendus obit.
Illum omnis luget verſis Exercitus armis,
Dilecto indignans ſe ſupereſſe Duci.
Proximus huic, longo neque proximus intervallo,
Nobilis eloquio, Juſtitiæque tenax,
Tu, *Talbotte*, cadis. Te Lex & Jura requirunt,
Deſertumque gemit fata inopina Forum.
Hæc tamen, hæc, ſint magna licet, tolerare valemus:
Scilicet in promptu eſt his Medicina malis.
Nam, qui laude pari partes tutetur eaſdem,
Uſque inter *Britonas* aureus alter erit.
Cum vero REGINA homines terraſque reliquit,
Libera Cœlicolas iret ut inter Avos;
Obſtupuit tantæ ſubito terrore ruinæ
Anglia, inornatas dilaniata comas:
Hinc iterum queſtus, iterum ſuſpiria ducit,
Atque iterum in lacrymas cogitur ire novas;

Luctuſ-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Luctuſque æterni ſolatia ferre recuſat,
  Quod nil, quo damnum tale rependat, habet.
Namque tibi, CAROLINA, per omnia munia vitæ,
  Nulla dedere parem ſæcula, nulla dabunt.

Rob. Bedingfeld
Aulæ Cervinæ Commenſalis.

Ad Virum Reverendum Præpoſitum Reginenſem.

DUm ſævos *Libitina* jubet perferre dolores,
  Dum poſcunt querulos publica damna modos;
Accipe, Docte Parens, tenuis conamina Muſæ,
  Quæ, niſi Tu jubeas, haud ceciniſſe velit.
Accipe, dum queſtus dolor ingens fundit acerbos;
  Accipe quas lacrymas, dona ſuprema, damus.
Noſtræ nulla ferunt triſtes Encomia Muſæ;
  Ut dolor arte caret, ſic caret arte melos.
Nil ergo valuere preces ſuper æthera notæ?
  Publica nil ſuperos, nec Tua vota movent?
Siccine perfugit Cœli irrevocabile Verbum?
  Sic rapit *Angliacam* mors inopina Deam?
O Pietas! o priſca Fides! o candida Virtus!
  Quale decus Regni, gratia quanta perit!
Occidit Illa bonis multum deflenda *Britannis*!
  Occidit Illa Tibi flenda, *Patrone*, magis!
Haud ſecus ac Infans, cum fata tulere Parentem,
  Mollia perpetuis fletibus ora rigat;
Sic lugubre gemens crudeli funere ademptam
  Jam ſibi *Nutricem* plorat *Alumna Domus*.
Conſcia defunctam Dominam quoq; mœnia lugent,
  Surgere & inceptum triſte recuſat opus.
O! huic ſi longæ fuerat pars ultima vitæ,
  Quid ſperare Tui non potuere Lares?
Hujus ſæpe frui donis non ultima laus eſt;
  Et decus eſt ſummum Te meruiſſe frui.
Mitte dehinc lacrymas; defunctam mitte dolere;
  Cœlis ſtella nitens nos CAROLINA fovet:
Tuque foves præſens: & qua via ducit ad artes,
  Tu primus niveo tramite ducis iter.

Tho. Hobſon A. B. Schol. de Taberda
è Coll. Regin.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

FLORA.

Carmen Paſtorale.

FLuminis ad ripas Cypariſſi mœſtus in umbra
Conſedit *Daphnis*, filicique innixus acutæ
Fletibus auxit aquas, *Floram*que vocavit ademptam.
Hunc circum Nymphæ, & Paſtorum turba dolores
Participans reddenſque jacet, namque omnibus una
Luctus cauſa ſubeſt, omnes concordia flendi
Sollicitat: Ripæ *Floram*, ſilvæque ſonabant;
Nec mora, nec requies: tandem Hic, tentabimus, inquit,
Siqua dabit carmen miſeræ ſolatia menti:
Carmina ſunt dicenda, ô ſi modo dicere poſſem
Materia dignum Carmen, dignumque dolore!
Nam neque *Theſſalici* qua volvitur æmula *Penei*
Iſis amabilibus per prata virentia Lymphis,
Nam neque per ſylvas poſthac vel carmina paſtor
Cantabit lætus, vel ſerta roſacea nectet,
Aut celebrare leves gaudebit Nympha choreas.
Cui nunc Nympha choros, cui ſerta roſaſque parabit,
Et cui non ſurdo Paſtor canet? occidit Illa,
Nympharum Regina, & noſtri Gloria ruris,
Quæ Muſas dilexit, amarunt Hanc quoque Muſæ.
Infelix nunc ille, Deos qui novit agreſtes,
Inſignemque lyra *Phœbum*, *Diva*ſque *ſorores*;
Nunc niſi *Pieridas* facilis *Pan* ipſe jacentes
Reſpiciat; ſylvæ, deſertaque rura ſilebunt,
Multaque ſacrata pendebit Fiſtula Pinu.
Fleverunt Te, *Flora*, pecus, pecoriſque Magiſtri,
Fleverunt volucres, nec, ut olim, cantibus ullis
Lætantur *Dryadum* cætus, *Faunique* procaces.
Tantum inter nigras lugubria murmura taxos
Ingeminat turtur, philomelaque mœſta ſub umbra
Protrahit in longum noctu lachrymabile Carmen.
Noctis amans Siren! ſit lux quoque conſcia cantus,
Dum gravior vocem lugendi cauſa repoſcit.
Quid caput obſcura nitidum ferrugine velat
Cynthius? anne etiam noſtro dolet ille dolore?
Quid Roſa? quid Violæ? quid hiantia Lilia languent?

Hæc

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Hæc quoque triſtari, & mortem lugere docentur
Hæc quoque, *Flora*, Tuam. Quin, Lilia nunc Violæque,
Voſque Roſæ, ſuaves potius jactetis odores:
Nunc quoque, Sol, radios & non imitabile lumen
Exere; deſeruit mœrentia rura, nitore
Cui cedit *Phœbus*, cedunt dulcedine flores.
Sæpe hoc (quis tantum potuit ſperare dolorem?)
Læva cava, memini, prædixit ab ilice Cornix.
Dii quoque ſigna dabant cladis manifeſta futuræ,
Congreſſæque malo fulſerunt omine ſtellæ.
Non cytiſo ſaturantur apes, non imbribus arva,
Non mare fluminibus, non nos tua funera, *Flora*,
(Vos, Sylvæ, teſtes) crudelia funera flendo.
Ruſtice, nec lacrymis iterum, nec Carmine, *Daphni*,
Flectendi *Manes*; quod ſi Te, *Flora*, precanti
Redderet immitis *Pluton*, ego dulcius *Orpheo*
Eumenidum ſævos mulcerem cantibus angues.
Quin ſaltem *Dominæ* vanos donemus honores
Defunctæ; manibus, ſocii, date Lilia plenis,
Omne genus Florum; at tumulum de ceſpite vivo
Ponite, & hoc tumulo ſimplex ſuperaddite Carmen:
Hic jacet ARCADIÆ DECUS & TUTELA BRITANNÆ.

Henricus Berkeley
è Coll. Trin. Commenſ.

Τις τόσος θόρυβος μεῖά δώματα μαρμαρόεντα,
Δώματα τοῖοδ' Ἄνακτος ἀκήεται, οὐδὲ θριάμβου
Οὐδὲ μὲν εὐφροσύνης μελιήδεϊ ἴκελος ὀμφῇ·
Κύματα δ' ὥστε βρέμεται πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
Χέρσῳ ῥηγνυμένης, ὅτε τ' ὦρτο μητίετα Ζεὺς
Πόντον ἐρεύνεαν, καὶ ὑγρὰ κέλευθα ταρφάσειν,
Ἤτε Θεὸς βρόντῃ, ἀνέμῳ τε δυσάεος ὁρμῇ.
Φεῦ, φεῦ Μοῖρ' ὀλοὴ γλυκερὴν ἔμερσε ὥρσε γόοιο,
Τείχεα δεύονται, δεύονται δ' ἔμαθα φώτων
Δάκρυσιν, εὐρύαλον φωνὴ δ' εἰς ἠθμὸν ἧκει,
"Τεθνᾶτον ΚΑΡΟΛΙΝΑ, φίλον κλέος, ἦδε ΓΕΩΡΓΟΥ
"Ἀσπάσιη σοφίκοιτις, εὐφροσύνης βασίλεια.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Τείχεα δεύονται, δεύονται δ' εἵματα φώτων·
Τίπτε Συ, ὅτε γέραια, θεῶν ἐρικύδεας οἴκους
Ἄμβησας γλυκερὴ μήτερ, βασίλειά τε λαῶν
Πότνια, τίπτε δ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις γοεροῖσιν Ἄνακτα
Χῆρον λειπομένη, βεβολημένον ὃν φίλον ἦτορ,
Παῖδας τ' ὀρφανικοὺς ἄχεϊ μεγάλῳ γοόωντας
Ἀρητὸν πένθος πάντεσσι φίλουσιν ἔθηκας·
Παισὶ μὲν ἀρητὸν κούροις κούραισιν ὁμοίως
Ὀλλυμένη, ἌΝΔΡΙ τε μάλιστα μὲν ἄλγεα λυγρά.
Ὡς ὅτε τίς τε ποτῆτος ἱμειρεῖται φρεσὶν ἦσιν
Ἰέμενος μεγάλως πολυκάγκεα διψὰν ἀφεῖναι,
Ὡς σέθεν ἡμετερὴν ψυχὴν μέγας ἵμερος αἴρει·
Σοί τε δίκη φίλη αἰὲν, ἢ αἴσιμα ἔργα μέμηλε·
Οὕνεκα δ' ἐν φρεσὶ σῇσιν ἐν ἰδυαῖς πραπίδεσσι
Βούλεσ' ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπειρόχη ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
Τούνεκ' ἐγὼ ἐπέεσσιν ἐμοῖς τέον οὔνομ' ἀείσω,
Οὔνομα δ' εὐχωλὴν σφισὶν οὔνομα ἡδὺ Βριτάννοις
Ὡς σέ τ' ἐπαινήσω ὡς ἂν ζωοῖσι μετείῃς.

J. Harcourt
Ædis Christi Alumnus.

Ad Regem.

QUid luctu immodico mœstus amabilem
Sponsam persequeris; nec miserum sopor
Mulcet nocte silenti,
Nec longo requies die?
An sic vestra salus, Optime Principum,
Sordet? sollicito corde *Britannia*
Raptam flet CAROLINAM,
Et REGI pariter timet.
At non semper agris incubat imbrium
Vis atra *Angliacis*; nec mare *Hibernicum*
Haud cessante feroces
Venti turbine concitant.

Non

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Non vultum rigido ſemper inhorruit
Luctu NASSOVIUS, Delicias licet
Dulces ſæva MARIAM
Mors amplexibus abſtulit;
Nec fudit gemitus uſque inamabiles
Mœrens ANNA ſui fida GEORGII
Funus. --- Tuque dolorem
Compeſce, & querimoniis
Tandem o parce, memor quod maneat pios
Longe ſplendidior Gloria Principes,
Æternæque Coronæ
Fulgens nobilitet jubar.
Et Tecum reputa, quot Tibi Imagines
Matris, Progenies æmula, rideant;
Dulcem quæ CAROLINAM
Teque una referunt Patrem.

Gul. Dobſon
Coll. Nov. Soc.

CAROLINA *Regni Procuratrix.*

EXcelſum CAROLINÆ animum mentiſque ſagacis
Conſilia, ut placida populos in pace regebat,
Inque vices ingentis obibat munia Regni
Ardua, Muſa canas. O quæ per amœna vireta
Elyſii nemoris, blandæ comes ire *Mariæ*
Gaudes, alternis memorans connubia magna,
Et Regni curas, populique fidelis amorem;
Aſpice quos tumulo flores, ſolennia dona,
Spargunt *Iſiacæ*, quondam tua cura, *Camœnæ*.
Imperium ut Tibi commiſſum, & bene credita ſceptra
Firmes, non populum diræ ſpectacula cædis
Terrent, non laceros artus, diviſaque ferro
Exponis, triſti rorantia ſanguine, membra:
Non capita infigis ſummis tabentia portis.
Te dignam Imperio, ſpectatamque indole magna
Excipiunt plauſu populi, gaudentque tueri
Te facilem, leni Te Majeſtate verendam.
O Fortunatæ miti moderamine gentes!
Nequicquam externis ſævit *Mars* impius oris,
Hinc *Galli* incendunt, illinc *Germania* bellum.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Ipſe diu ſenior deſuetis fulget in armis
Eugenius, *Martiſ*que ſciens inſtructa pererrat
Agmina, qua ſtabilis Legionum extenditur ordo,
Qua trepidant acies, ſinuoſaque fluctuat ala.
Nequicquam *Italiæ* fædantur ſanguine campi,
Et rerum victrix quondam violenta ſuperbos
Permutat Dominos, & cedit in altera Jura.
Auſpiciis, *Regina*, Tuis, læta *Anglia* ſurgens
Floret opum merciſque potens, robuſtus Arator
Arva colit, Paſtor procumbit lentus in umbra,
Immunis tanti belli, atque impune quietus.
At fruſtra *Martem* gaudes cohibere furentem;
Infandi graviora mali contagia ſerpunt
Per populum: diros calices, lethalia libant
Pocula: nunc artus depaſcitur arida febris;
Et ſueti adverſas valida vi rumpere turmas
Torpent imbelles, nerviſque trementibus ægri,
Laxata compage trahunt languentia membra.
Nunc & ſolliciti Patres conſulta tulerunt;
Nequicquam. Tu ſola vales avertere peſtem
Graſſantem, Regina, armis; populique ſalutem
Tutaris vindex, Majeſtatemque Senatus.
Tu tamen ah moreris! ſacro compoſta ſepulchro
Oſſa, inter Regum cineres, tumulata quieſcunt.
At decus immortale manet, pulchroſque labores
Pro Patria exhauſtos ſeri memorare Nepotes
Gaudebunt; gerat Imperii dum ſceptra *Britanni*
BRUNSVICI Domus, & populo det jura volenti.

Gulielmus Banks Hodgkinſon
ex Æde Chriſti Sup. Ord. Comm.

MOeſtas gementum ſi querimonias
Æquare, ſi quid flebilius Lyra
Sonare poſſit, luctuoſos
Det numeros graviore nervo:
Heu! ſueta dudum carmine nuptias
Referre læto, & dicere Conjuge,
NASSOVE, Te pulchra beatum,
Teque pari, FREDERICE, Sponſa!

At ſcena rerum jam patet altera,
Quam ſcena diſcors! occidit, occidit
  Abrepta ſat nunquam dolendi
    Invidia CAROLINA fati.
Quem nos, jacentes *Iſidis* ad ſacræ
Ripas, dolorem pectore ſaucio
  Fundemus! Echo quas canora
    Fluminibus referet querelas!
Hos illa dulces muneribus locos
Ditavit amplis; illa *Academicæ*
  Matrem Juventæ ſe benignam
    Exhibuit, gremioque fovit.
Heu, quos beavit munifice locos,
Viſura nunquam! nec gremio amplius
  Fotura Muſarum Juventam,
    Et viduas pia Mater artes!
Sed luctuoſis ſat lacrymis datum---
Juvet jacentem linquere pulverem;
  *Divam*que miremur cohorti
    Sidereæ caput inſerentem.
Quin blanda, Regem ne populo invide,
Admiſſa cœlis Incola, Gloriæ
  Cœleſtis æternique quondam
    Participem ſolii futurum.
Præſens benigno lumine rideas,
Genti beatæ ſidus amabile;
  Læto *Britannos* ore luſtres,
    Et vigili tueare cura.

Goodyer St. John è Coll. Nov.
Sup. Ord. Commenſalis.

AT Tu triumpha ſedibus addita
  Civis beatis: non aliter datos
Sortire maturos honores,
    Morte novum decus arrogante;
Virtus benigno numine præſidens
Injurioſi fortior obterit
  Acuta morbi, dedocetque
    Mente quati propiore fato.

Relicta tellus, & ſoboles placens,
Dulciſque conjux; non tamen irrito
Vixiſſe voto, non malis Te
Auſpiciis peperiſſe Matrem,
Nec GEORGIUM fruſtra in ſolii vicem
Legiſſe plaudit grata *Britannia*,
Suæque ſero damna ſecum
Jam reputat memor orbitatis;
Memor renarrat, quanta benignitas,
Qui candor altam proderet indolem,
Salvaque majeſtate blandum
Alloquium, facileſque mores;
Ni digna tali progenies domo
Curas ſerenet: ſpirat adhuc decus,
Pudorque & omnis Gratiarum
Copia pectoribus ſuperſunt
Commiſſa fidis: hinc Tibi gloria
Late per orbem ſparget amabile,
REGINA, nomen, qua beatas
Relligio Pietaſque pura
Illuſtrat oras. --- Sed neque Te ſuis,
Sacris amicam ſedibus & choris,
Faſtis inornatam ſilebit
Marmoream *Rhedycina* ponens.
Non molientem immania conſecrat
Camœna cœlis: ſive *Propontida*
Jungat *Siberis* enſe Princeps
Ruſſiacæ metuenda terræ;
Iberici ſeu prodiga ſanguinis
Extendat oris imperium novis
Germanico luctu redemtum
Conſilii mulier doloſi;
Sed quæ paratum conditionibus
Sceptrum pudendis ſpernere fortior,
Cives amantes demeretur
Legitimo ſapienter uſa:
Non uſitatis Illa licentiam
Frænis coercet: nobilium ſciens
Illa artium, doctos labores
Sollicitat bona: poſteriſque

Exempla

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Exempla ſeris, progeniem probo
Finxiſſe cultu provida, poſthuma
Fama potens faſtidioſi
Linquit opes ſtrepitumque mundi.

Edv. Bentham M. A.
Coll. Oriel. Soc.

O Quæ de ſummo terreſtria deſpicis axe,
Si vacet, O CAROLINA, animum ſi talia tangant,
Reſpice quos tenues Tibi Patria ſolvit honores.
Ille tuos docta molitur arundine vultus
Succorum calamique potens; Hic marmore ſculpto,
Aut fuſo ſpirantem imitatur in ære figuram;
Effundunt alii numeros & flebile carmen.
Sed neque vis fuci poterit, neque vulnera ſaxi,
Nec vox magna ſonans, aut os ſublime Poetæ
Virtutes narrare tuas, gemituſve Tuorum;
Cum Te, noſtra ſalus, Te dignam *Neſtoris* annis
Abſtulerat lethale malum; cum ſola taceres,
Ardentes inter lacrymas & vota Tuorum,
Quæ poteras moviſſe Deos--En! Turba medentum
Infidas herbas & ſuccos damnat inanes;
Tot Fati Mortiſque vices interrita ſpectans,
Hanc didicit lugere, ſuæque iraſcitur arti.
Nos, quoque Nos, Tua Turba, ad lenes *Iſidis* undas,
Aut qui propter aquas *Cami* cecinere Poetæ,
Projicimus lauros, Tibi ſacras odimus artes,
Et triſtem induimur per tempora mœſta Cupreſſum.
Interea varii ſe pandit ſcena doloris
Auguſtas inter ſedes, & regia tecta.
Pars oculis lacrymas pleno imbre doloribus impar
Præcipitat; latebras alii, & ſecreta requirunt,
Submiſſos gemitus ut conſcia ſentiat aura.
Hæret inexpletum ſpectans in imagine triſti
BRUNSVICIUS, voluitque loqui; ter faucibus hæſit
Lingua dolore rigens, luctus ter verba repreſſit.
Dat gemitum, Sponſæque tenet frigentia membra.
Quæ tum, AUGUSTA, Tibi formoſi injuria vultus?
Splendida ut effuſo violabas lumina fletu?
Ambroſiis complexa ulnis ad pectora preſſam
Infantem, tantos quæ ſpectans neſcia luctus

Miratur faciem inſolitam, Matremque requirit
In Matre, & noti riſus deſiderat oris.
Ingentem interea premit intus AMELIA luctum
Languenti recline caput cervice retorquens.
Hanc juxta CAROLINA, heu ſemper flebile nomen!
It pulchros dejecta oculos, metuitque videri
Singultus fundens crebros, iterumque reſorbens.
At Tu, Cœli Hoſpes, terris, REGINA, relictis
Invenies aliam Sobolem, melioraque Regna.
Fallor? an agnoſco perfuſos lumine binos
Infantes ſub primo accurrere limine Cœli
Et Matrem appellare --- I, nobilis Umbra, viciſſim
I, fruere amplexu, ſuccede Penatibus îſdem
Læta Deûm Cœtu. CÆSAR dum fœdere Gentes
Æquo componens pacatum temperat Orbem.

Philippus Barton
Coll. Nov. Scholaris.

ERgo abit, inque ſuum Cœlum dilapſa revertit?
Improba mors, ſævos gaudens cumulare triumphos,
Sat tibi pœnarum *Europe* dedit -- aſpice quali
Ruſſia cæde gemit! cæſam ut *Germania* pubem
Flet, mirata ſuos albentes oſſibus agros!
En! *Hypaniſ*que *Tyraſ*que, ingentis nominis amnes,
Ut ſanie taboque fluant, fœdiſque gravati
Corporibus ſuetum vix ſervant vortice curſum!
Atqui bellorum ſtrages, inimicaque caſtra
Non plures viduæ, puerique parentibus orbi,
Fleverunt, quam Te miſero, REGINA, dolore
Correptam, atque uno triſtantem vulnere gentem.
O Columen Patriæ, ſpes ô fidiſſima ſalve!
Æternumque vale! Te primo lucis ab ortu
Donec creſcentes ſol pronus duplicet umbras,
Extinctam querimur: ſed Te jam regia Cœli
Accipiat quamvis & veſtit purior Æther,
Si vel adhuc *Britonum* maneat tibi cura tuorum,
Reſpice nos -- En! ut nigris circumvolat alis
Anxietas, *Mœror*que comes damnoſaque *Cura*.
Aſpice per longam qua mœret AMELIA noctem
Triſtis; Quæque Tuo quondam de nomine Nomen

Ac-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Accepit, gemit incaſſum, & ſolatia vitans,
Te labente, animam vix ægro corpore ſervat.
Quis tamen, ANNA, tuos gemitus memorare, tuoſq;
Ingentes poſſit luctus æquare canendo?
Cui nec adire unquam & lacrymas miſcere fideles
Nec licuit fractas voces extrema loquentis
Arripere, aut rimari oculos, morientiaque ora,
Nec revocare animam ſuprema in morte natantem.
Te nec amor *Batavum*, dulciſque inſignia pompæ
Nec tuus illuſtris NASSOVIUS (aſpera quamvis
Fata premens animo tecum ſolatia quærat)
Oblectare animum poſſit, curaſque levare.
Heu quoties deſiderio percuſſa fideli
Per nemora & ſola in tacito ſpatiabere luco!
Heu quoties inter luſus ac Feſta tuorum
Injuſſi ſurgent gemitus, lacrymæque per ora
Sponte fluent, menti occurrat ſi Matris Imago!
Interea magnus Conjux, licet omnia ſecum
Conſilia, ingentemque premat ſub pectore curam,
At ne nube diu & mœſta caput occulat umbra,
Sed tandem, Sceptri pro majeſtate *Britanni*,
Exerat os ſacrum populo, tenebraſque reſolvat.

Richardus Mead ex Æde Chriſti
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

YE Nymphs of *Iſis*, once melodious Train!
To CAROLINA raiſe the mournful Strain:
Tho' the dear Name, your beſt-lov'd Theme ſo long,
Oft with the riſing Sigh ſuſpend your Song;
Firſt in diſtreſs, and deepeſt in deſpair,
Bereav'd of Her, who made Your Arts her Care,
With grief peculiar joyn the gen'ral Moan,
And to the Publick ſorrows add Your own.
Some other Muſe in laſting Verſe may tell
How great She liv'd, and how lamented fell;
Speak Her the gen'rous Friend of Human kind,
And trace each lovely Feature of her Mind,
That ſtill in bright Perfection may be ſeen
The Parent, and the Conſort, and the Queen:
'Tis Yours to witneſs (for to You alone
Her ſacred hours of Solitude were known)

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

When on your *Thames* his flow'ry banks ye ſtray'd,
How oft ye found Her in the ſilent Shade;
Muſing retir'd within the thoughtful Wood;
Converſing with the Learned, Wiſe, and Good;
Or ſtudying Arts, by godlike Sages taught,
To calm the Paſſions, and enlarge the Thought:
Whether with *Newton* Her deep-piercing Eye
Explor'd the Secrets of the boundleſs Sky,
Worlds beyond Worlds: and ſearching Nature's Laws,
Look'd through the Work, and ſaw th' Eternal Cauſe:
Or more abſtruſe her keener thought deſcry'd
Where the nice limits Falſe from True divide,
While Rival Sages Her deciſion wait
To ſolve ſome ſubtle point of high Debate.
The brighteſt Seat of CAROLINA'S Pow'r
Was in the Covert of the ſilent Bow'r;
Superiour to the pomp of *Britain*'s Throne,
In Arts She reign'd unrival'd and alone:
Wide as th' extenſive World of Knowledge lies
Th' ambitious *Heroine* ſpread her Victories;
Each diſtant Realm She paſs'd in Triumph o'er,
All the known world ſubdued, and wept for more.
Oft in theſe Shades the Muſe herſelf ſhall rove,
And change her *Iſis*' banks for *Richmond*'s grove;
(The Muſe beſt skill'd of all the tuneful throng
To give true Worth immortal Life in Song)
Pleas'd CAROLINA'S awful ſteps ſhall trace,
And with a Verſe inſcribe each hallow'd place:
"To this low Cave *Britannia*'s Queen retir'd;
"This Bow'r She ſought with heav'nly raptures fir'd;
"Theſe gloomy ſhades receiv'd th' illuſtrious Gueſt,
Then ſhew the Grot --- her Tears ſhall ſpeak the reſt.
Hereafter if Her great Example raiſe
Bent to purſue th' unerring Path to Praiſe,
Some Princely Mind, with ev'ry grace inſpir'd,
Lover of Wiſdom, by the Wiſe admir'd,
Some CAROLINA, diff'ring but in Name,
And, but perhaps AUGUSTA call'd, the ſame;
Smit with her Praiſe thoſe hallow'd groves among
To warmer raptures She ſhall raiſe her Song,
In the ſame ſhades th' immortal Wreaths prepare,
And gather all her choiceſt Laurels There.

Will. Hanham Gent. Comm. of New College.

Augustiss. & Desideratiss. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

ΜΗ με στέφῃς ῥοδοῖσι,
Τί γὰρ ῥοδοῖσι κἄμοι;
Στέφῃς δὲ Κυπαρίττῳ
Αλγηδόνος γ' ἑταίρῳ.
Μή μοι χέῃς τὸν οἶνον,
Τί γὰρ πίω τὸν οἶνον;
Κἂν εἰς με Βάκχος ἔλθῃ,
Οὐχ' εὕδῃ ἡ μέριμνα·
Κἂν εὕδῃ ἡ μέριμνα,
Αν ἤδ' ἐγείρω αὐτήν.
Εθνησκε Καρολίνη·
Θέλω, θέλω γοῆσαι.
Αμειβε νεῦρα, ὦ παῖ,
Χορδὰς δὲ θῇς ὀδυρμῶν·
Πολλοῖσιν ἤδε τέγγῃς
Τοῖς δακρύεσσι πλῆκτρον,
Ιν' ἡ λυρὴ ἁπᾶσα
Στέναγμα μοῦνον ἠχῇ.
Ερασμίη πέλεια,
Η βαρβίτῳ καθεύδεις,
Στέναγμα νῦν πρόπεμπε,
Οἷον χέεις, τελευτὴν
Οτ' ἀνδρὸς ὠλολύζῃς·
Φιλῶ δὲ τοὺς στεναγμούς·
Εθνησκεν ἡ Ανασσα,
Εθνησκε Καρολίνη,
Θέλω, θέλω γοῆσαι.
Βριταννίη θανοῦσαν
Γόησε τὴν Ελίσην·
Γόησε τὴν Μαρίαν
Ερωτα τοῦ Γυλέλμου·
Κοῦροι τε Οξοναῖοι
Καλὴν γόησαν Αννην,

Νεκρὰν ὅτ' εἶδον αὐτήν.
Τί κ' αὐτὸς ȣ̓ γοήσω;
Κρείσσων γὰρ ἡ Ανασσα
Εθνησκε Καρολίνη,
Θέλω, θέλω γοῆσαι.
Καλὴ μὲν ὡς Κυθήρη,
Σοφὴ δ' ὡς Αθήνη·
Η δῖα τῶν γυναικῶν,
Η δῖα καὶ μαλ' ἀνδρῶν·
Τιμȣ̃σα Εὐσέβειαν,
Τιμή τε Εὐσεβείας·
Ηδεῖα τῷ Γεώργῳ,
Ερωμένη Βριτάννοις,
Τῆς Αγγλίης σελήνη,
(Ο δ' ἥλιος Γέωργος)
Ελαμψε Καρολίνη.
Μȣ́σας ὑπερφιλȣ̃σα,
Φιλȣμένη τε Μȣ́σαις,
Φιλωτάτη δ' πάντων
Τοῖς Δώμασιν φερίστοις
Καλȣμένοις ΑΝΑΣΣΗΣ,
Δομȣμένοισι λαμπρῶς,
Εζησεν ἡ Ανασσα·
Φιλωτάτη δ' πάντων
Τοῖς Δώμασ' ȣ̓ τελείοις,
Δομȣμένοισιν αὔτως,
Λυπȣμένοισι δεινῶς,
Εθνησκεν ἡ Ανασσα.
Τί καρδίη πτοεῖ μοι;
Τί τόσσον ὦτα βομβεῖ;
Λυρὴν τάχ' αἶρε, ὦ παῖ·
Νῦν ὀμμάτων δι' ὑγρῶν
Τοῖς δακρύεσσ' ἐλύθην·
Κȣ̀ ῥεῖα νῦν βλεποίμην

Ταῖς

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Ταῖς χερσὶ νεῦρα πλήσειν.
Νεῶ ἄλλεται σέναγμα
Θαμειὸν ὡς ϑανόντ@·
Ψιλὴ ϑ' λείπϵ αὐδὴ,
Φίλεω τε ὅτω ἡμῖν
Ολλυμένεω Ανασσαν
Οὐ πλέον ἠδυνήϑεω,
Θέλων, ϑέλων, χοῆσαι.

Hen. Waſhington, A. B.
Schol. de Taberda è Coll. Regin.

O Quæ per auras Me levet ocyor
Ala! Et profundos ſcindam Ego nubium
Tractus, neque in terris morabor
Longius --- His CAROLINA terris
Nempe Illa ceſſit --- Qua melius nihil
Ditetque Gentes, & Populos beet,
Quamvis vel aurato laborent
Sæcla iterum fluitare curſu.
Fallorne? Cœli janua cardines
Quantum obſeratos quam faciles movet,
Latoque diſcedens ab Axe
Sideream patefecit Aulam!
Videre denſos fas Mihi Cœlites:
En, ut volucres conſociare amant
Pennas, & alis neſcio quos
Inſolitos iterare Plauſus!
Ecqua Illa, quærunt: Ecqua, rogant, nova
Illuſtrat oras Fœmina lucidas?
Hæc mira Lux, hæc quanta noſtri
Ingeminat radios diei?
At Ille, (pulchra agnovit enim memor
Ora) Ille, cui permiſſa *Britanniæ*
Cuſtodia & cura ſagaci
Sollicitaque agitanda mente,
"Huc ô! decoros verte pedes; Tuum eſt,
"REGINA, Cœlum --- Huc verte pedes, ait,
"Nunquam reverſuros --- Sed aſtra,
"Aſtra preme innumeroſque Soles.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

"Quin Te requiret, Te gemet *Anglia*,
"Et mœſtus ibit per mare Navita,
"Suaſque inauditum querelas
"Perferet & lacrymas in Orbem.
"Quod iſta Tellus hæc tua Gaudia
"Metiri ocello ſi potuit brevi,
"Quas Ferias, quos Illa noſtris
"Conſimiles ageret Triumphos?
"En! præter omnes quæ Tibi debita
"Pars: --- præter omnes qui Tibi rideat
"Cœli angulus --- Qui nempe Manes
"Exhilarat pretioſiores.
"Videſne, Virgo regia qua ſedet
"*Eliza*? In Illa ſpirat adhuc Amor
"*Anglorum*, in æterna repoſta
"Mente eadem ſua cura vivit.
"Atqui ſuperba inſultat *Iberia* --
"Ah! Terra multum oblita, periculo
"Quo movit, & rurſum movebit,
"*Angliaci* rabiem *Leonis*!
"Vides MARIAM --- Atque inſtar erat Tui
"Quantum in MARIA --- Tu quoque flebilis
"Immane, & infandos Tuorum
"Tu poteras renovare Luctus.
"WILHELMUS Illi quas nimium pius
"Solvit querelas, has Tibi GEORGIUS
"Impendit, obductoque triſtis
"Ore ſuum exanimavit Orbem.
"En & Triumphorum ANNA potens, diu
"Lateque Victrix! --- Sed faciles tamen
"Leges, triumphatiſque blanda
"Maluerat dare jura Terris.
"Jamque ô! beatum Te decet Ordinem
"Intrare, lætis inſere Te choris,
"REGINA, Cœlorum --- Et *Britannis*
"Tu placidum exoriere Sidus.

Theede Heywood A. B.
è Coll. Mert.

Augustiss. & Desideratiss. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Κηρός τα λυγρὰ Δαίμων
Βρεταννικὸς μεριμνῶν,
Ὡς εἶδε τὴν Ανασσαν
Ἐπήρατον θανούσαν,
Θαμὰ βαρυστενάζων
Δεινῶς προσεῖπε Μοῖραν·
Λοιγῶν κράτος κακίστων,
Τί σχετλίων Βρεταννῶν
Στήθεσσιν ἄλγος ὀξὺ
Ἀνήμερος τεθήκας;
Ὡς πᾶσι κὴρ Ἀνάσσης
Ὦρσ' ἵμερον γόοιο,
Δί' Ἣν Χάρις γλυκεῖα,
Δί' Ἣν τε Τέρψις Ἔθνει,
Νῦν Ἀνίη λοχεύθῃ.
Δεινῶν ἄκου' ὀδυρμῶν
Αὐτῆς ποθῇ βοῶντων,
Ὄλωλε, καὶ πέπρωται
Ἐς γαῖαν ὐ νέεσθαι·
Ποῦ δ' Εὐσέβεια σεμνὴ,
Καὶ Πρηότης προσηνὴς,
Πανυτοία τε Φρόνησις,
Κεκερασμέναι Ἑταῖραι,
Σχήσουσι στῆθος ἄλλο;
Τῷδ' ἐκδικοῦσ' ἑαυτὴν
Εὐθὺς ἔλεξε Μοῖρα·
Τί καὶ κατηγορεῖς με
Ὑβρίσματος, φθόνου τε;
Τί καὶ γόους προπέμπων.
Ἀλγεῖς μάτην τελευτὴν
(Δίκη γὰρ ἦν) Ἀνάσσης,
Εἰς οὐράνους ἀπῆλθεν·
Τά γαρ Θεῶν φρονούσῃ

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Σχολὴ μὲν ὠκέτ' ἦε
Λήρεισι σοῖς πρέπειν·
Σοὶ δ' ὕμνυω, Ἀνασσαν
Οὐκ ἤθελον παπάξαι·
Θαρσῶν ὃ συγχάρηθι
Ὅσον δυώῃ, μερίμνων
Λύσιν χαὶρ εὗρ' Ἀνασσα,
Καλῶν χ᾽ ἄθλον ἐργῶν.

J. Ibbetſon
Coll. Exon. Socius.

DUm pio circum Proceres dolore
Splendide mœrent, Populuſque magnæ
Prodigus pompæ decorat ſuperbo
Funus honore;
Simplices late *Rhedycina* ritus
Miſcet, & fido queribunda luctu,
Præparat triſte officium dolentis
Rite Camœnæ.
Te memor verſu, CAROLINA, dicet
Flebili, & cultas ſtudiis honeſtis
Ingeni dotes, placidiſque mentem
Artibus auctam.
Dicet, ut cultus fidei verendos
Prætulit ſceptro male glorioſo,
Splendide verax & in omne Virgo
Nobilis ævum;
Cum faces poſcens Thalami jugales
Ambiit Nympham minus audientem
Auſtriæ Gentis Decus, & vocavit
In ſua regna.
At dabant æqui meliora Divi,
Amplius regnum, Populique curam
Anglici, & fidos magis invidendi
Regis amores.
Hic potens Conſors ſolii *Britanni*
Dignius laudes Populi arrogavit,
Hic amans Muſas, ſimul atque Muſis
Semper amata.

At

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

At licet ſedes adiit beatas,
Parte jam vivit meliore, mortis
Invidæ Victrix, neque tota Gentem
Deſerit orbam.
Audit in Cælis populi querelas,
Quæque præſenti auxilio beavit
Regna, cæleſti Auſpicio tuetur
Diva ſuperſtes.

T. Tanner A. B.
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

ISiacæ Muſæ, REGIS dicamus amores
Sollicitos: Illum Proceres videre jacentem
Projectis temere membris, & languida colla
Ponentem, magnoſque foventem pectore luctus.
Illum *Legati* circum venere frequentes;
Teutonus hic pugnax, hic pollens Marte marino
Belga venit; venit *Eridani Taurinus* amœni
Accola, quemque *Arni* celer alluit unda, *Tagi*que
Flumina qui libat ratibus defenſa *Britannis*;
Mollior hic *Gallus*, jactantior inſtat *Iberus*,
Danus, *Polonuſ*que, & quem Tu, *Suecia*, mittis,
Suecia inexhauſtis Chalybum generoſa metallis;
Et formidatus *Turcis Boruſſius*; omnes
Aſſidui ingentem certant lenire dolorem;
"*Europæ* Te cura vocat, REX maxime; ſurge,
"Comprime ſingultus; in publica commoda peccas.
Ille graves oculos, triſtique ardore rubentes
Tollens, "Has Conjux lacrymas erepta repoſcis,
"Ah Regni Decus! ah REGIS juſtiſſima Cura!
Cujus ego optabam requieſcere canus in ulnis,
Et moriens animam placide expirare ſupremam.
Ibo & dilectis ſolus ſpatiabor in hortis,
Qua greſſus, CAROLINA, Tuos inferre ſolebas,
Flumina proſpiciens tacito labentia motu.
Ah dolor! haud Tecum poſthac per amœna vireta
Incedens, haud agreſti projectus in antro,
Dulcia ſolliciti libabo oblivia Regni.
Nunc inter ſylvas, horrentibus aſpera dumis
Luſtra, ſequar cervum rabidis latratibus actum,
Quadrupedemque volans ſtimulis agitabo frementem.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Jam neque *Windſorii* ſaltus, nec cornua nobis
Rauca placent; ipſæ rurſum concedite ſylvæ.
  Nunc Mihi per fluctus videor, pontumque ſonantem
Ire, libet claſſes armatas æquore toto
Proſpicere; ut tumidam pulſant ſurgentibus undam
Proris! ut rapido acclines vada ſpumea curſu
Verrunt! ut crebris fulgoribus æthera circum
Incendunt, ſonitumque ferunt lethumque per auras!
Heu quantæ *Hiſpanis* clades Prædonibus inſtant!
Decolor heu quanta *Neptunus* cæde rubebit!
Jam captas ducant naves, jam fœdera rumpant.

Laurentius Shirley ex Æde Chriſti
Sup. Ord. Commenſ.

O Qui ſuperbo vortice profluens
In te ruentem, *Tameſis*, *Iſida*
  Amplecteris, ſacroſque Muſis
    Blandus amas ſociare fluctus:
Fas ô perennes gurgitibus tuis
Miſcere luctus; accipe flebiles
  Quas *Iſis* effundit querelas,
    Et lacrymas lacrymis repende.
Non uſitatis occidit, occidit,
Deflenda chordis, & tibi, *Tameſi*,
  Et *Iſidis* deflenda ripæ
    Indigenis CAROLINA Muſis.
Adeſte Vates: officium pia
Præſtet ſepultæ quod poterit lyra;
  Cantuſque funebres *Camœnæ*
    Non humili meditentur auſu.
Fruſtra heu! cadentem barbita *Principem*
Deos repoſcunt non ita creditam;
  Laudeſque narrant, improboque
    Invidiam faciunt ſepulchro.
Non illa vani munera carminis
Plutona mulcent illacrymabilem,
  Te, triſtis Umbra, ad ſe trahentem,
    Omne ſacrum rapiente dextra.

Viden!

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Viden! ut Æſtas fertilis avolat
Pennis *Favoni*; fraxinus interit
  Regina ſylvarum, roſæque
    Purpuream rapit aura vitam!
Hyberna triſti per medias nives
Timenda ſucco taxus adhuc viret;
  Floretque lugubris cupreſſus
    Nudæ hyemis decus indecorum.
Sic fluxa noſtrûm gaudia! ſic brevis
Donata cœlo vita tibi! dolor
  Sic longus amiſſæ! futuros
    Tangere qui poterit nepotes.
Aſt ô dierum quot tibi detrahunt
Parcæ malignæ, tot precor optimo
  Olim rependant, tot ſalutis
    Adjiciant monumenta ſponſo.
Ille, Ille Muſas nunc ſibi vendicat,
Muſis Patronus dici amat & Pater
  Nunquam relicturis *Britannos*
    BRUNSVICIO potiunte rerum.

Geo. Sandby A. B.
è Coll. Mert.

HEi mihi! Quid Patriæ vulgo exaudita gementis
Murmura crebreſcunt? quid fingultantia paſſim
Corda pavent? iterum attonitas quis perculit aures
Confuſæ ſonus urbis, & illætabilis horror?
Aut *Senonum* ignitæ complerint tecta Phalanges,
Immiſſæque manus portis bipatentibus ardent?
Aut validas promens vires furialis *Iberus*
Per *Thameſin* bello undantem centena coruſcis
Fulmina molitur ratibus? poteritne malorum
In tota oſtendi facies crudelior urbe?
Heu poterit --- Spes Illa ſui juſtiſſima regni,
Illa Parens Patriæ, noſtri *Regina* Tonantis
Occidit, & vota & *Britonas* una obruit urna.
  O Funeſta dies nullo reparabilis ævo,
O longum *Iſiacis* & fleta & flenda Camœnis
Victima Fatorum; quanquam lætatur abunde
Cœlicolum chorus, & divini Nominis umbræ
Te cognatorum capita inter laurea Regum,

Plauſibus excipiunt, quanquam felicior ANNA
Serta parat fronti, & læta ſociata MARIA
Præſenti tibi maturos molitur honores,
Atque omnis Superum tanta Hoſpite jubilat ordo.
Te tamen ingenti viduata *Britannia* fletu
Proſequitur, lugubre gemens, Te regna requirunt,
Illa tuis olim auſpiciis felicia Regna,
Æternaſque cient lacrymas; Rex ipſus aquarum
Ipſe Pater *Thameſis* mœſtum ac miſerabile murmur
Integrat, & glauca canum caput abditus alga,
Flebilibus tumulum vix præterlabitur undis:
Hîc vero ingentem luctum, ceu cætera nuſquam
Turba ſiet, nulli tota triſtentur in urbe,
Conſpicit; hîc caro cineri ſolennia dona
Patreſque, Procereſque & paſſim ignobile vulgus
Accumulant; necnon laceratis agmina peplis,
Agmina mœſtarum (viſu miſerabile) matrum,
Pallenteſque Nurus madidæ gelida oſcula terræ
Affigunt, iterumque animis, iterumque recurſat,
Quale pudicitiæ exemplar! Quæ gratia morum!
Quantaque maternæ cecidit pietatis Imago!
Quinetiam ad tumulum doctas *Rhedycina* querelas
Molitur levia ingentis ſolatia damni,
Præcipue infelix *Rhedycina*, & triſtia mille,
Obloquitur numeris diſcrimina mille dolorum.
O *Phœbo* dilectæ arces, Domus alta ſororum
Aonidum Domus alta! tuos quis farier auſit
Singultus, quis tanta rudi diſpendia verſu
Explicet? O noſtræ dolor & decus omne Camœnæ!
Quo migrent viduæ, Te decedente, Sorores?
Quis gremio excipiat *Phœbum*, Muſaſque jacentes
Tollat humo, jubeatque virûm volitare per ora?
Hei mihi qualem animam, quantumq; *Academia* perdis
Præſidium, quantum noſtræ viduantur *Athenæ*!
At Tu *Diva* Parens, Atavorum admiſta beatis
Ordinibus, cui nunc vacuos molimur honores
Exequias, gemituſque, &, inania munera, verſus;
Diva Parens, (ſuperis ſi ſint mortalia curæ,
Si deſolatos nondum oblivîſceris *Anglos*)
Cæſareum tueare caput, tueare labantes
Res *Britonum*, & noſtros maneant meliora nepotes.

Gulielmus Sharp
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

NUnc juſto, *Angligenæ*, licet indulgere dolori,
Nunc rigat & madidas debita gutta genas.
Scilicet occubuit decus & tutela togati
Ordinis, *Aonii* ſpes & amata chori.
Hinc veniunt lacrymæ, capita hinc redimita cupreſſo,
Hinc & *Melpomenes* pallor in ore ſedet.
Hinc gemitu & crebris reſonat ſpelunca querelis
Merlina, hinc lacrymis marmor & æra madent.
Mœſtas volvis aquas *Thameſis*, vicinaque Matrem
Extinctam queritur *Bibliotheca* ſuam.
Haud gravior Muſis queſtus, ſi fata ſubiſſet
Maximus *Aonii* Præſes *Apollo* jugi.
Quippe ſuam obtinuit laudem facundia, Munuſque
Incolumi Hac meritum docta *Thalia* tulit.
Hæc miſeros manſueta, pios ſtudioſa fovebat,
Hæc pura coluit ſimplicitate Deum.
Hac una aſpicimus caſtam effulgere *Dianam*,
Hac una *Pallas* fulget, & ipſa *Venus*.
Mirum igitur terras impleri fletibus? Orbis
Tres una *Divas*, Hac moriente, dolet.

Johannes Price
è Coll. Jeſ. Serv.

REGINAM arripuit febris ut aſpera,
Et ſenſim exſuperans jam violentior
Torſit viſcera morbus,
Aulæ quæ facies fuit!
Exquirunt timide longa per Atria,
Quæ ſpes, quidve novi, quamve *Machaones*
Spondent ferre ſalutem,
Mœrentum Procerum cohors.
Noctes atque dies GEORGIUS ad torum
Conſidit tacitus, vixque potens Sui;
Inceptoſve frequenti
Singultu impediens ſonos.
Stant juxta juvenes ordine *Principes*,
Stant triſtes, oculis molle rubentibus,
Illa autem excipit omnes. ---
Quos cum *Compare Maximo*

Sermones habuit, ſcire nefas Mihi:
Hæc Arcana, premi digna ſilentio,
Fari Muſa recuſat
Prudens, nec temere loquax.
Atqui ſponte canit verba noviſſima,
Hæc ſervat memori in pectore. -- "Vos mea,
"Vos, ô cara Propago,
"Quid Me flendo moramini?
"Quid vanis lacrymis & querimoniis
"Urgetis properantem effugere ocyus?
"Sed mandabimus unum,
"Hoc unum ſuper omnia,
"Vobis Obſequii ſiquid adhuc manet,
"Aut quicquam Imperii ſi Mihi, Regium
"Suſpectate Parentem,
"Hunc cultu veneramini,
"Hæc Vos cura manet; ſic eritis Pii,
"Sic, ſic ſolliciti, ſic memores Mei,"
Mœſtis hæc ubi fata eſt,
Supremum repetit *Vale*,
Supremum placide duxit anhelitum,
Deceſſitque alacris; non ſecus arduis
Ac ſi libera curis,
Urbem læta relinqueret;
Dimiſſoque prius rite Clientium
Cœtu, *Windſorias* tenderet ad Domos,
Multa turre ſuperbas,
Richmondi aut humiles agros.

Guilelmus Freind A. B.
Æd. Chriſti Alumnus.

FUndimus ore preces, Divoſque in vota vocamus
Irrita, nec tantos quiſquam reſpexit amores,
"*Phœbe* parens, hominum Divûmque æterna Voluptas,
"Hoc oro defende caput, defende tuorum
"Egregium columen:" pariter Tu, maxime *Princeps*,
Vota facis, gemituſque ægro de pectore ducis
Sollicitos, vigilique diu formidine palles.
At non Illa metu magno lacrymiſque ſuorum
Victa animi, dulci tamen uſque in conjuge figit
Lumina nequicquam, miſeroſque accendit amores

In-

Intuitu, tacitaque manu, Te digna tuiſque
Freta animis tardos ictus mortemque receptans.
  Sed non ipſa tuæ curam ſtudiumque ſalutis
Suſcepit fruſtra, metuitque exterrita ventos;
Quin tumidis jactatum undis æſtuque procellæ
Accepit, cupidiſque amplexa recondidit ulnis.
Illa tui deſiderio perculſa, ſilentes
Ceſſerat in lucos, divinaque rura colebat.
Vos umbræ nemorum horrentes, ſanctique receſſus
Vos ſi qua eſt pietas, ſi dulcis gratia Muſæ
Ulla ſuper, memori ſacrabunt carmine Vates.
Æternum, numenque loci Dominamque ſonabunt.
Mox etiam laudes tantas & facta revolvens
Inclyta, *Materni* miſerebere, *Filia*, luctus,
Jam ridere decet, jam dulces ducere ſomnos,
Felix in cunis, neque tanti conſcia caſus.
  At Tu, quæ triſtes ducis miſeranda triumphos,
Et fletu gravis, & funeſto languida luctu,
Parce tamen, dolor ille animo licet uſque recurſet,
Ingenuiſque genis, & dulci parce Juventæ.
En! quanti circum ſonitus, voceſque reſultant
Mœſtæ mille ſimul, lentumque per atria murmur.
Vos ſanctæ latebræ, Vos alta ſilentia teſtor,
Sepoſti cineres Regum, & Te, *Conditor* ingens
Tectorum, non ulla tua de ſtirpe nepotum
Clara magis, gentique magis deflenda *Britannæ*
Occiderat, non ANNA potens, non inclyta magni
NASSOVI conjux, non bello fortis ELIZA,
Ipſa ingens licet, & domitrix inſignis *Iberûm*.

Petrus Keith Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

AUguſtas *Ædes Petri*, celeberrima Fana,
  Intrat funereus, tædis lucentibus, ordo.
Cernis ut hinc atque hinc tangit laquearia celſa
Triſte jubar! dubiis radiis ut lurida flamma
Buſtaque & Effigies miſta diſcriminat umbra!
  At tardo paſſu gradientes rite ſequuntur,
Haud ficto mœrore graves, Matrumque Virûmque
Nobilium diſtincta cohors: vexilla verendam
Rara ſupervolitant Pompam: longeque coruſcant
Heu! vacuum Diadema, breviſque inſignia regni.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Nec gemere interea abrupto ſpiramine ceſſant
Organa, jam plangor raucus, jam perſtrepit aures
Hymnorum ferale melos: mortalia ſtringit
Sanctus corda pavor: Templum circumſonat ingens,
Functorumque domus ſubter patefacta remugit.
Quin tandem (feretrum jam jam ducente caterva
Auro oſtroque nitens, plumiſque trementibus horrens)
Tu dolor atque decus noſtrum, Tu maxima mortis
Præda, venis, CAROLINA: hic cedens rite Coronam
Unde prius tuleras; heu! tum quam diſpare Pompa,
Quam tum læta Cohors eadem Te cinxit ovantem!
Dum Gentes *Sceptri* Dominam mirantur *Eburni*,
Et plauſu & cantu late loca pulſa reſultant:
Nunc ſacrum Caput in cineres atque Oſſa quieta
Pulvere componens æterna nocte jacebis.
At non infelix moreris, licet improbus uſque
Sæviret morbus, longiſque doloribus ægram
Torqueret; ſaltem hoc miſeræ ſolamen habebas
Quod Te *Natus* amans. quod circum *Filia* multa
Affatu molli aſſiduæ, curaque fideli
Lenirent luctantem animam; quod denique MAGNUS
Haud aberat, qui ſupremos hauriret amores,
Te dignus CONJUX: Quem vix avellere ab ulnis
Hærentem valuit flentemque piiſſima Proles.
"Heu! quos nunc, Pater, amplexus, quæ frigida quæris
"Oſcula? nil curæ jam conſcia, nil Tibi debens
"Ulterius, longe ſedes colit Illa beatas.
Triſtis at Ille nihil verbis lacrymiſve movetur:
Ut vero *Britonum* meminit, mox humida ſiccans
Lumina, mox rediens ad ſe, "Qua ducitis, adſum:
"Cedite, privatæ Curæ; Me vota Meorum
"Publica, Me poſcunt EUROPÆ fata morantem.

Wellbore Ellis, A. B.
Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.

SUccubuitne igitur pars *Cæſaris* altera morti,
Nec potuit pietas *Libitinæ* incidere pennas,
Correptoque gradu properantia fata morari?
Quis modus infando dabitur finiſve dolori?
Interiit CAROLINA: neci CAROLINA, *Camœnæ*,
Veſtra datur: flavos fœdare in pulvere crines,

Jam

Jam decet, & niveas manibus diſcerpere veſtes,
Dilaniare comas, *Pindum*que implere querelis.
Præcipiat cantus & ſuſcitet ægra tacentem
Melpomene citharam, moreſque educat in aſtra
Voce pios liquida, tacito ne indicta ſepulchro
Detur *Apollineo* digniſſima carmine virtus.
Hanc cladem miſeræ poſtquam accepere ſorores,
Pervolitant montem, magnoque ululante tumultu,
Extinctam immiti CAROLINAM funere lugent,
Extinctam referunt CAROLINAM culmina *Pindi*.
Affata eſt tandem dextra lævaque frequentes
Melpomene Muſas, cantuque lyraque tumentes
Lenibat curas, turbataque pectora luctu.
Carminibus nunc, *Muſæ*, opus eſt; non qualia *Pindi*
Rettulit arguti quondam cantantibus Echo,
Cum celebraſtis avi connubia cœpta ſecunda,
Juſſiſtiſque *Deum*, cui ſacra jugalia curæ,
Maturare gradum, & genialem accendere tædam.
Nunc alius longe rerum ſeſe explicat ordo,
Et CAROLINA ſibi pro lætis triſtia poſcit
Carmina donari, cum jam procedere mœſtas
Tempus adeſt pompas, & regia funera duci.
En! ſurgens lentis *Thameſis* qua labitur undis,
Ingemuit regale nemus, tectique receſſus
Inſonuere cavi, gemitumque dedere cavernæ;
Et, quæ doctorum ſpirant imitantia vultus,
Humectaſſe ferunt largo ſe marmora fletu.
Vos vero haud tantum vano indulgete dolori,
Sed date regali pallentia lilia buſto,
Purpureaſque roſas, melioraque munera, verſus.
Vos prohibete mori CAROLINAM, & tollite cœlo
Semper honoratum, ſemper lacrymabile nomen.
Incipite, *Aoniæ*, lugubria carmina, *Muſæ*.
Cura quoque in ſobolem tua jam, REGINA, canetur,
Ipſa ut Natorum teneris formaris ab annis
Pectora, præcipiens quam dulce inhibere tyrannos,
Otia turbantes hominum, quam dulce vocari
Deliciæ populorum, & libertatis amantes.
Incipite, *Aoniæ*, lugubria carmina, *Muſæ*.
Cum petiit magni *Germania Cæſaris* ora,
Et, CAROLINA, Tibi cuſtodia credita regni,

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Pluſquam fœminea ſapiens vice ſceptra gerebas,
Flebat & abſentem pubes minus *Anglica* Regem.
Incipite, *Aoniæ*, lugubria carmina, *Muſæ*.
Nec ſtudiis noſtris, REGINA, averſa fuiſti;
Sed Numen tibi ſcire dedit, maria unde tumenti
Conſurgant fluctu, rurſuſque in ſeipſa reſidant;
Quæ vis quemque ſuo compeſcat in orbe Planetam;
Unde ſuos norint præſcripto tempore curſus
Conficere, & certa ſe volvere lege Cometæ.
Incipite, *Aoniæ*, lugubria carmina, *Muſæ*.
Jam nova ſidereis ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes,
Verſaturque inter cœtus CAROLINA piorum,
Qui lætum ornarunt æquis virtutibus orbem,
*Pieridaſ*ve ſui memores fecere merendo.
At tu pone pios rapta pro conjuge luctus,
Quæque diu nimium circa tua tempora ſerpſit,
Concedat ſolitæ, CÆSAR, cupreſſus olivæ:
Nam tua præcedens cœlo CAROLINA locatur,
Ut tibi ſceptra paret, fati aſpernantia vires,
Regnaque, quæ mundi poſſint ſupereſſe ruinis.
Definite, *Aoniæ*, lugubria carmina, *Muſæ*.

Silas Bradbury
e Coll. Wadh. Comm.

FLere, dulce dolentibus: ---
Quicquid eſt, valeant joci,
Gratus & *Paphiæ* Deæ
Riſus, & citharæ prius
Nota *Mater* amorum.
Virgo, *Caſtalidum* ſoror,
Triſtis huc age cum Lyra,
Fer gradum *Aonio* è ſpecu,
Fronde tempora lugubri
Cincta, ſi CAROLINÆ
Cura te teneat, veni.
Et memor propera novis
Serta nectere floribus:
Illa nam placidos choros
Uſque ſedula fovit,

Queis

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Queis Lyra & Moduli placent:
Quorum capta ſono, & levi
Fiſtula, grave tædium
Sæpe falleret, in cavo
Fuſa molliter antro,
Arte quod Sibi ſimplici
Condidit nemorum in ſinu,
Arbuto viridi tegens:
Ne ſit quo potius velit
Luce ludere feſta
Flava cum *Satyris Dryas*.
O lacus liquidi! O Nemus!
Quo nec *Arcadia* eſt prior
Ut frequens coluit tui
Lene frigus & umbram!
Sola per ſpatia ambulans
Florea, & tacitum ſuo
Corde conſilium premens,
Quî ſub auſpiciis bonis
Pace recreet orbem.
Ut juvat loca ſingula
Cernere! hæc violaria a-
-mavit, hic viridem in ſpecum
Ceſſit; hic requieverat
Sæpe feſſa ſub orno!
Hic & hic memor illius
Sertum textile pendeat:
Carmen & lacrymabile
Illa qualis erat, novo in-
-ciſum in cortice dicat.

Tho. Popkin ex Æde Chriſti
Super. Ord. Commenſ.

O Magnæ manes CAROLINÆ! O nobilis umbra,
Quæ ſuperis immiſta ſedens, cœleſtia libas
Pocula, perpetuo manantem fonte juventam
Et lætos ſuccos; gaudens ſpreviſſe fideli
Teutonicos animo thalamos, oblataque Regna;
Nunc virtus, ſanctæque juvat conſtantia mentis!
Forte tuam, ſi forte, animam mortalia tangunt,
Aſpice qui ſacro cineri ſolvuntur honores;

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Aſpice qua longo ſquallet via ſordida luctu
Pompæ ut procedunt triſtes! --- Diſtantia longe
Cunctanter tormenta gemunt. Campana per umbram
Ingens, importuna ſonat, lentoque fragore
Auditur tremulus mugire per æthera Plangor.
Nunc ſacri ſtrident aditus & cardine verſo
Panduntur portæ, tædis ardentibus inſtant,
Et ſubitus fulgor nigrantes dimovet umbras.
Apparet domus intus, & Atria longa pateſcunt,
Apparent Buſta, & veterum monumenta virorum.
Continuo audiri cantus, templumque per ingens
Solennes reſonare chori, tractuque gementi
Productæ voces ſenſim languere, tubæque
Raucum ſpirantes longis ſtrepere intervallis.
Labitur en! torto demiſſum funе cadaver;
Projectæque ſtrepunt glebæ lugubre ſonanti
Deſuper impulſu. Nunc circum immania templa
Turbatos volvens oculos it pallidus *Horror*,
It *Dolor* abjecto demittens lumina vultu.
Non tantos novit fanum venerabile planctus,
Quamvis in gremio mitis tenet oſſa MARIÆ,
Et formidatam *Gallis* complectitur ANNAM.
Quinetiam tumuli CÆSAR meditatur honores,
Marmoreamque Tibi ponet, CAROLINA, columnam.
Extantes lævi viſique tumeſcere Saxo
Protrudent ſeſe vultus, ſpirantia ſigna.
REGINA in medio lenta cervice recumbet
Strata ſuper, REGEMque ſuum moritura tenebit
Deficiente manu; ſublata veſte dolorem
Velabit ſeſe incurvans FREDERICUS; & ANNA
(Heu longo diviſa mari!) ſuſpiria ducens
Lenta, manuque cava luctantes preſſa papillas
Aſtabit; molli langueſcet AMELIA luctu
Se laſſo inclinans collo; juxtaque WILHELMUS
Impubes malas lacryma properante rigabit.
Aſt aliæ extremam flebunt ad marmoris oram
Condenſæ facies, variique doloris imago.
Huc venient juvenes; veniet jam nubila virgo
Purpureos ſpargens flores, animamque vocabit
Ingens exemplar venerans, lætoſque *Hymenæos*,
Et ſibi pendentes optabit ad oſcula natos.

David Scott ex Æde Chriſti
Sup. Ord. Comm.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

O Tu, cui gemitus lacrymantum & nænia curæ,
Mœſta ſepulcrali frontem præcincta cupreſſo,
Melpomene; laceriſque amens, *Elegeia*, capillis;
Tangite funebrem graviori pollice nervum,
Solenneſque affate modos, ne incompta verendam
Carmina materiem infament, neu noſtra dolore
Vulnera inæquali tenuemus & impare planctu.
Ergo nec ſpreti quondam faſtidia ſceptri,
Nec ſervata fides, Superumque ſimillima virtus,
Te, prædulce decus *Britonum*, CAROLINA, ſepulcro
Eripere, aut duras potuerunt flectere *Parcas*!
Haud quenquam tamen incuſas hominumve Deûmve,
Aut dubia imbelles effundis voce querelas
Infelix, lentiſque diu cruciatibus ægra.
Materno veluti ſiquando rapta cubili
Lilia, purpureæve roſæ, molliſve *Hyacinthus*
Languida palleſcunt ſenſim; ſic Regia mater
Viſa mori, lenique omnis ſine murmure abibat
Spiritus; ô lethi facies pulcherrima! qualis,
Qualis eras, quantumque priori congrua vitæ!
O dolor! ò pietas! qua laſſa labore ſenectus
Auxilium imploret? quis membra trementis egeni
Soletur, viduæque levet ſuſpiria matris?
Quis placido Imperio (quoties ſua regna reviſit
GEORGIUS, externas componens fœdere gentes)
Sceptra gerat, rerumque graves moderetur habenas?
At vos, *Indigetes Patrii*, quibus *Anglia* curæ eſt,
Auguſti manes! Tuque ô nuperrima cœli
Incola, quæ patrio reſidens ſublimis olympo
Ingentes atavos, ſacrorumque ora parentum
Forte recognoſcis; forſan Te læta MARIÆ
Forma movet, vultuſve graves radiantis ELIZÆ
Miraris, ſimilemve Tui complecteris ANNAM:
Qui Te cunque habeat Divorum auguſtior ordo,
CÆSARIS eſto memor Noſtri, CAROLINA, Tuoſque
Auſpiciis longum recrees felicibus *Anglos*.

Marwood Gulielmus Turner
ex Æde Chriſti
Sup. Ord. Comm.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

WEep *Britain*, weep! no Refuge now remains,
No Friend to eaſe, or to divide thy Pains;
Since thoſe exalted Breaſts, from whom alone
Sprung ev'ry Joy, have learn'd themſelves to groan,
Since BRUNSWICK's Heart o'erflows with manly Care,
Since fair AUGUSTA drops the ſilver Tear.
Great, Good, and Juſt! for Thee our Sorrows riſe,
Friend to the virtuous, Patron of the wiſe!
Alas! tho' Anguiſh melts each *Britiſh* Eye,
Though Nations breath the tributary Sigh,
The Grief is diſproportion'd to the Blow,
Nor can the World ſupply the Tears we owe.
Let *Ruſſia*'s Empreſs 'midſt *Riphæan* Snows,
Pour forth th' embattled Legions on her Foes;
Let *Spain*'s ambitious Queen form Schemes of Pow'r,
And 'midſt the Wealth of *India* thirſt for more:
Far other Bleſſings did thy Care provide,
Far other Joys thy royal Hand ſupply'd,
To bid the Orphan's Face with Rapture glow,
Raiſe the ſick Head, and ſmooth the wrinkled Brow,
Support the reas'ning Breaſt, and tuneful Tongue,
Judge of what Sages wrote, or Poets ſung;
To dignify Religion's awful Shrine,
And ſave mankind by making Virtue thine,
Time ſhall improve, a Glory ſo ſublime,
Teſt of all Glory, Fame's great Standard, Time.
O, anxious *Britons*, whilſt your Fate ye moan,
Indulge in ſecret, and but faintly groan:
Let no officious Blaſt of whiſp'ring Fame
Sad *Albion*'s loſs to *Albion*'s Foes proclaim;
Leſt *Rome*'s proud *Pontiff* triumph in our Woe,
Leſt hoſtile States inſult their mournful Foe.
Yet let them think incens'd by Grief and Care
How fierce that Foe provok'd would ſpring to War!
Pant for the Trumpet's Sound, with eager Pride;
Fly the curs'd Land where CAROLINA dy'd!
In Storms, in Thunders to diſcharge their Woe,
And teach the Nations as they deal the blow,
When Grief inſpires, how dreadful is the War,
How ſharp the Arrows pointed by Deſpair!

So

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

So the fell Lion in his Den reclin'd
Full gorg'd, neglects to ſeize the trembling Hind,
But haply wounded by th' inſidious Swain
He foams, he roars, he ſhakes his angry Mane;
Red with hot Fury fiercely glare his Eyes,
And from his well-known Voice th'affrighted Deſart flies.

Will. Blathwayt
Gent. Comm. of New-College.

O Quæ cognati, REGINA, palatia cœli
Ingrederis, ſoliſque vias & deſpicis anni,
Cernis ut amiſſam luctu tria regna requirunt
Infando, tepidamque exornant floribus urnam?
Cernis, ut aſſuetæ CAROLINÆ nomine ſilvas
Pierides implere diu, loca ſola pererrant
Secretæ? Aut Tibi dilectis meditantur in umbris,
Et *Dominæ* vocem, & greſſum pedis expectantes,
Nequicquam; & quoniam tua dulcis fugit Imago
Ex oculis, manſuram Illæ per ſæcula famam,
Et proprias laudes æterno carmine ſervant.
Propter aquam, *Thameſine* Pater, quam mille carinis
Subjectas, pelagique ruis jam triſtis ad æquor;
(Margine dum Cycni centum per lactea fundunt
Flebile colla melos; dum fundo *Naides* imo
Pumice pendentes implent ululatibus ædes)
Hic dulces latebras & fida ſilentia ruris
Captabat CAROLINA; *Illi* hoc defixa receſſu
Heroum ſimulachra, æquæ quos *Palladis* artes
Ornarant, oculos mentemque ad magna ferebant;
Nunc ubi, quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregit
Laudis iter, Regum paſſus Divûmque ſecuta,
Ipſa loci numen ſtabit, *Dominam*que caducam,
Ut poterit, pulchra reparabit imagine marmor;
Ipſa manum *Heroum*, quotquot ſacraverat, auctam
Ornabit; quam grata diu colat *Anglia*, cuique
Matres atque nurus florum dent munera, quarum
Illa choros & prole ſua famaque beavit.
O decus, atque dolor! *Rhenus* Te, *Diva*, bicornis,
Atque *Iſter* luget, qui centum allabitur urbes;
Te lugent urbes, quaſcunque allabitur *Iſter*.
Te *Cæſar*, recolens annos cum tela medullis

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Implicuit juvenilis amor, Te luget in Aula
Auſtriaca, ſpreti neque obeſt injuria ſceptri,
Sed deſiderii veteris jam vulnera ſentit,
Et magnum perfert, magnam ſi mente ferebat
Te veniente facem, Te decedente dolorem.
At Tu, quiſquis eras Divûm, qui numen amicum
Semianimi attuleras CAROLINÆ, cumque Decores
Paſcebat tacite pallor, vitæque fluentis
Purpureus lethi concrevit frigore rivus,
Affueras bonus, & curæ pulſator amaræ
Lenibas ſupremam horam, lanugine lævi
Alarum, & dono virgæ ſpectabilis aureæ;
Huc ades, ingentique iterum ſuccurre dolori,
Sis felix, ac ſparge opifer per pectora GEORGI,
Qui potes, ambroſiam, & recrea inſanabile vulnus.
Nam nulla *Illius*, niſi quæ quæſita dolendo
Sit, medicina levat luctum, poſtquam illa reliquit
Curarum interpres CAROLINA & dulce levamen.
Tum demum novit, quæ ſint formidinis ora,
Tunc Illum gelidus primum circumſtetit horror;
Quamvis & nubem belli, dum detonat, omnem
Pertulit, atque ala vidit ſtridere propinqua
Exitium; & quamvis quam molem nuper in undis
Excierat, quanta *Nereus* excanduit ira,
Senſit, iter durum faciens, noctiſque per umbras
Ardere albentes fluctûs aſpergine rupes.
Ille quidem intentus tum Te, CAROLINA, quoque æſtu
Alterno ad cœlum miſſus maneſve, vocabat:
Forſan & ad nomen CAROLINÆ marmora tandem
Ponebant iras, ſed mors crudelior illis
Non vota aut voces audit tractabilis ullas:
Non illam pietas movet, aut quæcunque *Britannæ*
Demittunt lacrymarum oculis libamina nymphæ;
Nulla nave ſuis, quam *Styx* inamabilis unda
Quam ſemel excepit triſti, REGINA redibit.

Tho. Townſon, A. B.
Coll. Magd. Soc. Prob.

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

QUamvis nec vitam defuncto reddidit *Orpheo*
Muſa ſuo genitrix, nec Te, CAROLINA, reducent
Carmina ſublatam terris, tamen aſpice, GEORGI,
Quos chorus *Aonidum* ſolvit ſtudioſus honores
Dilecto cineri, quæ triſtia dona paravit.
Dicite, ſylveſtres *Fauni Dryadeſque* puellæ,
Vallibus aſſuetæ *Thameſina* ad flumina cultis,
Deliciis olim *Dominæ*; vos dicite, *Nymphæ*,
Quæ veſtris Illam toties recreaſtis in antris,
Cum ſoli *Britonum* faſces commiſit habendos
AUGUSTUS, ſic in terras ſecurus ut iret
Longinquas, tegeretque ſuos ſine clade *Britannos*.
Dicite vos, *Nymphæ*, cui poſthac ſylva virentes
Tendet veſtra comas? Cui copia veris odora
Naſcetur? Veſtri cui mittent murmura fontes?
An ſucceſſurum veſtris ſperabitis umbris
AUGUSTUM? Ah! quantæ premerent ingentia curæ
Pectora, ſi miſeræ loca jucundiſſima Sponſæ
Perluſtret, recolens quibus illa receſſibus olim
Secum una fuerit, ſub qua vitaverit æſtus
Arbore ſecum una, qua blanda fefellerit horas,
Alloquio imperii magnos oblita labores.
Infelix! imis ſive antra recondita ſylvis
Aſpicit Heroum nitidos ſervantia vultus,
(Quales *Arcadia* ſecretos valle ſolebant
Cuſtodes ovium *Pani* ſacrare receſſus)
Otia mœſta teret; ſeu Te, *Thameſine*, videbit,
Flumina mox ſacrum præterlapſura ſepulcrum
Oderit, & miſſos lacrymis revocabit amores.
Tu vero amnis aquæ mox admiſcende marinæ,
Dic vagus externis queiſcunque advolveris oris,
Mœnia quos gemitus illis egere diebus
Henrici auſpiciis, reges habitura ſepultos,
Ad ripas fabricata tuas, dic quæ ipſe videbas
Funera, longinquus *Britonum* miſerabitur hoſtis.

Carolus Bridgeman
Ædis Chriſti Commenſalis.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Grosmacht'ge Konigin!

SO wohl am Geist und Muht; als Stand und Würden Gros;
Freywillig fromm und gut; von allem Zwange los:
Nur Machtig, umb mit Macht die Tugend zu erhohen
Und unterdruktem Recht' hochstkraftig beyzustehen:
Wem beb't nicht, da Du stirb'st, Leib, Sæle, Herz und Sinn?
Grosmacht'ge Konigin!

Durchleucht'ge Konigin!
Die Du der Weisheit Tief' und Hoh' ermessen hast,
Und stets durch Raht und Taht gelindert Muh' und Last,
Damit dem Konig Heil, den Untertahnen Leben,
Dir selbst, die groste Lust, durch gutes Tuhn gegeben.
Die Weisheit selbsten klagt: Sie falle mit dir hin:
Durchleucht'ge Konigin!

Beliebt'ste Konigin!
Wenn millionen Wunsch' und Trahnen, deren Zahl
Gar nicht zuzehlen ist, zusammen auf einmahl
Vereint, vermocht von Gott dein Leben zu erbitten;
So hat'st Du keine Pein, noch ein'gen Tod gelitten.
Ganz England schrie und bat. Doch nahm dich Gott dahin:
Beliebt'ste Konigin!

Hochst-theure Konigin!
Der kein Gut unbekandt, als nur Ihr eigner Wehrt;
Die Sich selbst, ach! zu fruh, im gutes Tuhn verzehrt.
Wie gros ist dein Verlust! Kein Mensch weis Ihn zu schatzen;
Was Wunder denn! Mals ietzt bey deinem Todes-Letzen
Auch selbst der Helden Herz in Zehren ganz zerrinn'?
Hochst-theure Konigin!

Hold-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Holdſeel'ge Königin!
Des gantzen Landes Troſt, des Königs Freud und Luſt,
Der mehr von Freundligkeit, als Hoheit, war bewuſt,
Die alle morgen neu, als eine Gnaden Sonne,
Des Kummers Dampf vertrieb mit neuer Huld und Wonne,
Und auch im Tode nichts als Sægen führt' im Sinn.
Holdſeel'ge Königin!

Gottſeel'ge Königin!
Die gut Gewiſſen mehr geacht als eine Krohn,
Den wahren Glauben mehr, als eines Kayſers Trohn,
Die mehr die Ewigkeit als dieſe Zeit betrachtet
Und furs Unſterbliche das Eitele verachtet;
Drum nichts mehr wiſſen wolt' als Chriſti Kreuz und Sinn!
Gottſeel'ge Königin!

Glukſeel'ge Königin!
Der, Schönheit Ehr und Macht, zum ſteten Eigentuhm,
Witz, Tugend und Vernunft, zugleich zum wahren Ruhm,
Der Edelſte Monarch, zum Ehelichen Leben,
Das beſte Reich zum Sitz auf Erden war gegeben,
Und nun das Sterben ſelbſt gereichet zum Gewinn.
Glukſeel'ge Königin!

Hochſt-ſeel'ge Königin!
Du war'ſt der Sælen nach ſchon himmliſch hier geſinn'e
Im Glauben neugebohrn und Gottes Gnaden-kind;
Deſhalben, wie Du hier die Welt haſt überwunden;
So haſt Du dort bey Gott ein neues Reich gefunden.
Drum lebe ewig wohl! Wir eilen nach Dir hin,
Hochſt-ſeel'ge Königin!

Johannes Seidel, A. B.
Coll. Regin. Socio-Commenſ.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

AT vos, *Pierides*, dum publica juſta *Britanni*
Solliciti ſolvunt, rite favete ſacris!
Rite favete --- tamen feſtos deponite cultus,
Nec cingant nitidas florea ſerta comas;
Quin ſine lege comæ fluitent per lævia colla,
Pallenteſque riget plurima gutta genas.
Jam ferrugineis Tyrios mutate colores,
Nec niveas ornent aurea plectra manus:
Plectra ſed ad triſtes modulos componite; crebros
Integret & queſtus lurida quæque chelys.
Ultima jam veſtræ pietatis munera poſcit
Heu! CAROLINA; piis ſemper amata choris.
Ultima vos Illi grata perſolvite mente,
Cui vos deliciæ, queis fuit Illa decus.
Dicite, (nam expertæ nôſtis) quam læta ſolebat
Cultores veſtros uſque fovere ſinu;
Illam divini cultus quæ cura tenebat;
Illi erat ut cordi relligionis honos.
Dicite, quam placide mulcebat pectora REGIS,
Atque grave imperii ſæpe levabat onus;
Ut modo RICHMONDÆ reſonant ululatibus antra;
Ut tota extinctam terra *Britanna* gemit.
Dicite, inexpletum RHEDYCINA ut plorat ademtam;
Dicite --- ſed prohibet poſcere plura dolor.
Flentis at ecce! Tui miſereſcens, ANGLIA, Numen,
Mox Tibi ſolamen juſſit adeſſe mali.
Fallor enim? an tenues cœlo demiſſa per auras
Vox ſonat, his dictis pectora mœſta levans ---
Cui fuit has curæ terras virtute beare,
Jam tenet æthereas Ipſa beata domos.

Joſephus Crewe A. M.
ex Aula Cervina.

SAtis ſuperque audivimus -- eheu! mortua eſt! --
Abite triſtes nuntii;
Nobiſque (quod ſolum manet) relinquite
Silentium atque lacrymas.
At ſurgite, ô quotquot ſcientiarum amor
Venuſtiorum aut artium

Incen-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Incendit uſquam, & iſta cum dies redit,
Colenda honore flebili,
Hoc ad ſepulchrum convenite, & annuo
Dolore flores ſpargite.
O qui receſſus intimos *Richmondiæ*
Manes pererratis pii;
Quos inter incedis ſacrum lauro caput,
Newtone, cinctus; dicite
Quoties ſub Umbra, vel reclinis arbori,
Fontiſve juxta marginem,
Vobiſcum ad aſtra pervolare, & ætheris
Arcana ſcrutari lubens,
Auſa eſt cometæ mente metiri vias,
Fierique particeps Poli!
Nunc veritatis fida cultrix, inſpicit
Quodcunque honeſtum, aut utile eſt;
Studioſa morum, ſive præceptis docet,
Seu præbet exemplar Sui.
Sed non, ut olim, nemus ſcientiæ ſacrum,
Richmondia, inviſo Tuum;
Artis placere definit, & definit
Placere naturæ nitor;
Fugere triſtem *Gratiæ* flentes locum,
Sylvæque præſides *Deæ*,
Et heu! prioris ſola reſtat hoſpitis
Memoria, lugubris comes.
Sed hac ſub Umbra, ſit licet triſtis, Tuus
Sedebit olim GEORGIUS,
Hic, CAROLINA, Te Tuamque imaginem
Revocabit, & fletu pio
Sacrabit urnam, quam recenti Ceſpite
Verniſque cinctam floribus,
Myrtique fronde, regius ponet dolor,
Et nomine inſcribet Tuo.
Pietatis eheu! vana munera, & Tibi
Nil profutura! ſedibus
Quæ nunc beatis, Umbra Cœlorum incola,
Sublimiora cogitas;
Spernens relictis quicquid in terris boni eſt,
Aut GEORGII ſolum memor.

Joſ. Trapp
Coll. Nov. Soc.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

HActenus, ô Muſæ, ſolos ceciniſtis amores,
Movere argutam gaudia ſola lyram.
Eheu! quam ſalit à plectro malefida voluptas,
Nec lætus chordis hæret, ut ante, ſonus!
Sed diræ apparent, crudelia numina, *Parcæ*,
Atque jubent triſtes tardius ire modos.
Ergo, *Hymenæe*, vale, longum vale, ô *Hymenæe*!
Et Tu, blande Puer, chare *Cupido*, vale!
Flentes diſceſſere; & mortis, more triumphi,
Tollit funeream dextera nigra facem.
Audiri gemitus, longo ſuſpiria tractu
Audiri, & quicquid Pompa doloris habet.
Quo me ſcena trahit mœſtiſſima; namque ſepulchri
Horrorem, & video regna patere necis.
Has inter tenebras, tetræque ſilentia noctis,
Quæ manus errantes ducet amica pedes!
Inter tot tumulos, monumentaque regia, fas ſit
Inveniam cineres ut, CAROLINA, Tuos.
Hic mecum gelido ſuprema det oſcula Saxo,
Et tremula inſcribat carmina Muſa manu:
Atque Lyram pulſet, vocique inamabilis *Echo*
Aſſonet, & diſcant mœnia longa queri:
"En! *Regina*, olim Tua Cura (venite Sorores!)
"Ultima *Pierides* hæc Tibi dona ferunt.
"Noſtraque qua toties cinxiſti tempora lauro,
"Nunc fas ſit capiti reſtituiſſe Tuo.
"Tecum etenim viridi lætæ requievimus antro,
"Intravit clauſas Cura nec ulla fores;
"At Tibi, dulce Miniſterium! certavimus omnes
"Vel ceciniſſe ſimul, vel tetigiſſe Lyram.
"Sed tandem grati procul aufugere labores,
"Quæque tulere olim gaudia noſtra dies;
"Et Tibi, triſte Miniſterium! miſerabile carmen
"Attulimus, fractæ relliquiaſque Lyræ.
"Jamq; vale! quin Tu mœrentes reſpice Muſas,
"Dulce decus noſtri præſidiumque chori!
"Reſpice, & errantes è cœlo dirige greſſus;
"Utque canant cœlo carmina digna jube:
"Dic ut amor Patriæ, dic ut reverentia legum,
"*Angliaci* vatis ſemper in ore ſonent;

"At-

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

" Atque, ope Muſarum, ſoli tollantur ad aſtra,
" Vel GEORGÎ ſimiles, vel, CAROLINA, Tui.

Ricardus Mill Baronetti fil. è Coll. Nov.
Super. Ord. Commenſ.

OFt let me on *yon Marble* gaze,
A Monument of grateful Love,
Its ſweet Majeſtick Beauties trace,
Till falling Tears the Scene remove!

Tho' Tears forbid my ſwimming Eye
To wonder at it's graceful Mien;
Yet ſhall my Boſom heave a Sigh;
Yet Fancy may reſtore the QUEEN.

Reſtore Her, Fancy, beauteous, young,
As view'd by CHARLES's longing Eyes,
Or rather as by Angels ſung,
When GEORGE obtain'd the glorious Prize.

Religion ſmil'd, with Roſes crown'd,
Which blow'd in *Eden*'s fragrant Shade;
Ev'n *Seraphims* the Lovers own'd,
And ſacred *Hymeneals* play'd.

I ſee, I ſee th' auſpicious Day
When *Britain* hail'd the *Brunſwick* Race;
When nought but Garlands fill'd the Way,
When Rapture glow'd in ev'ry Face.

Why ſwell'd the Deep with Purple bright?
To grace the Sov'reign of the Seas:
Why, *Albion*, ſhone thy Rocks in white?
To promiſe Triumph, promiſe Peace.

'Tis chang'd! 'tis paſs'd! --- another Scene
Afflictive to the Eye appears:
Albion in ſable dreſs'd is ſeen,
And the Deep only lends it's Tears.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Religion weeps Her Guardian gone,
Sad wailings form the publick Voice;
Great CAROLINA dead! and none
But Angels, Heav'n, and *She* rejoyce.

Oh MONARCH, Partner of Her Joy,
And dear Divider of Her Cares,
Grateful Viciſſitude! employ
Thy Reaſon to repreſs Thy Tears.

They ſtream! --- for *Britain*'s Sake forbear;
Forbear, nor wound with double Woes:
Yet ſtill I ſee the trickling Tear;
Yet ſtill --- and oh! how juſt the Cauſe!

Who now ſhall bind the Victor's Brows
With Laurel Chaplets fairly won?
Who now with lenient Arts compoſe,
At once ſupport and grace His Throne?

O Love, how ſtrong Thy Fetters bind!
Leſs potent are the Darts of Death;
With more Reluctance He reſign'd
His Queen, His Spouſe, than She her Breath!

The *Virtues* ſo had bleſs'd her Mind,
The *Graces* ſo adorn'd her Frame,
That CAROLINE, from Earth refin'd,
With Eaſe aſſumes an Angel's Name.

Ye Daughters of fair *Albion*, mourn
Your Glory ſet, Your Pattern loſt:
Oh, let Her Life Your Lives adorn,
For moſt You praiſe who copy moſt!

And Thou, the Muſe's ancient Seat,
By CAROLINA's Bounty grac'd,
A Name to Thee for ever ſweet
While Arts or Liberty ſhall laſt;

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

O raiſe Thy Voice, Her Glory raiſe
By Works that ſtill more laſting are,
Than breathing Marble, living Lays,
By *Tickell* ſung, or carv'd by *Cheere*!

Robert Osborne
Gentleman-Comm. of Queens Coll.

Britannorum veterum Homœoſticon macrodiſticon, (Britannicè Cŷwydd deuair hirion) ad Normam doctiſſ. Grammatici *Johan. Davidis Rhæſi*, M. D.

YR Ynys wen loeren lwys,
Prŷdain, gynt ail Paradwys,
Annedwydd i'th newidwyd
O wen i *ddu*, yn wan 'ddwyd!
Wybr îr dêg ewybr oer do
A Daear ſy 'mron duo.
Clŷwaf achos; clafŷchu
(O ing dôſt O Angau du
Creulonaf!) CAROLINA,
A'i dŵyn o'n plîth: dŷna 'n pla.
Bŷdd ŷn ein gŵydd trwy'r flwyddyn,
Yn llen ſwrth ŷ *lliw nôs* hyn:
(Einioes o bla!) a nôs blîn,
A'r *Lleuad* tan Orllewin.
Gorthrŷmder yw'r tŷnder tau,
Ddu-oer ŷngod ddîr Angau!
Bêth er bôd i'n trallodi
Hên ddlêd er teyrngêd i ti?
Anwyla pêth ŷn drêth drom
(Dial oes!) a dalaſom;
CAROLINA lwyſa' lân
Briod SIÔR, o brŷd ſeirian.
Er cymmaint ei braint a'i bri
A rhediad ei mawrhŷdi,

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Hŷnawſedd mwynedd oedd moes
Ei digŷnnwrf dêg Einioes.
Ei Rhan oedd ŷ Rhinweddau:
Ni fŷnnai gael a fae 'n gau.
Na phruddhâd ni pharodd Hi
Tan ael ûn, tan ŷleni.
Er trymmed ŷ golled gaeth
Fawr iawn hon, i'r Frenhiniaeth,
Dewis hŷgar D'wyſoges,
Hael ei llâw i hwylio llês,
A'r ûn frŷd o ran ŷ frô,
A ddigwydd i ddiwygio:
Lliw ŷr eiry, *Lloer* arall
Yr ail *Lloer* ar ôl ŷ llall.

Guil. Wynn A. M.
Coll. Jeſ. Schol.

VIx dum lætus Hymen diffudit gaudia curru
Regali invectus; vix dum tetigere Poetæ
AUGUSTA naſcente lyras, gentique *Britannæ*
Falſa Voluptatis dederant promiſſa futuræ;
Heu Vatum ignaræ mentes! heu lubrica volvi
Sors hominum! fortuna novo vehementior ictu
Occupat incautos; turbat nil tale timentes
Rapta ſuis CAROLINA, & ineluctabile fatum.
Interea, REGINA, pii, tua turba, Poetæ
Jam tibi ſuave melos; jam carmen dulce parabant.
Ille Epico GEORGI molitus carmine laudes,
Ille tuos, AUGUSTA, toros regeſque futuros,
Et FREDERICUM alium reduci promiſerat anno:
Felices, ſi forte tibi, CAROLINA, placerent.
Ah! periit CAROLINA! perit ſimul omnis avenæ
Cura, laborque; ſolo ſtant fixi lumina vates,
Illacrymantque lyris, & languida pectora pulſant.
Te ſacra *Richmondi* deſiderat Umbra, caduci
Te ſitiunt flores; Te ſuetam ſylva vagantes
In normam revocare comas ramoſque volentes,
Te temere creſcens, Te flexilis invocat arbor.

Interea

Interea nunc rara pedum veſtigia ſylvæ
Canities annoſa videt; loca plena Dolore
Heu! fugimus *Britones*, ne pectore Cura reſurgat,
Incultuſque jacet Luci venerabilis Horror.
Te gemit interea Curarum dulce levamen
BRUNSVICIUS, Te ſollicitus ſuſpirat ademptam;
Te noctu inſomnis, denſaque requirit in Umbra;
Hunc animum Tu ſola moves, quem nulla peri'cli
Ignoti facies, nec belli terruit Horror;
Prima timere doces, prima ipſas vertice laurus
Spernere, civiliſque moves faſtidia curæ.
Aſt, ô, ſiqua tibi Patriæ ſit Cura labantis,
Parce tuo fletu noſtros cumulare Dolores,
Parce metus augere pios, lacrymaſque tuorum.
Hoc poſcit, tua Cura *Britannia*, ſupplice voto
Hoc Vulgus rogat, Hoc Patrum venerabilis ordo,
Et totus pacem expectans efflagitat orbis.
O longum interſis populo, gentique *Britannæ*!
Quanquam jamdudum nobis te Regia cœli
Invidet, atque hominum queritur curare Triumphos.
Increpet ipſa licet tardum CAROLINA, ſuæque
Contiguam ſedem veteresque oſtendat amores;
Ah nondum affectes cœlos! precibuſque tuorum
Cedat amor, cedant longi faſtidia Regni.

Henricus Barton A. B.
è Coll. Merton.

Ad Melpomenen.

O Suavi, Dea lugubris,
Demulcere potens, *Melpomene*, lyra
Felices ſuperum choros;
Si blando *Britonas* lumine reſpicis
Jam non hoſpitibus feros;
Cami propter aquas, propter & *Iſidis*
Almæ prata recentia,
Nunc, nunc ſerta manu debita nectere
Feſtina; bene purpuræ
Admiſcens roſeæ ningida *Lilia*,
Candoreſque *Hyacinthios*,
*Caltharum*que ſimul luteolum decus;

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

His *Myrtum* Veneri ſacram
Addas, his teretem *Palladis* arborem,
Et *Lauri* virides comas,
Tum noſtræ ah! memorem triſtitiæ nimis
Cupreſſum miſerabilem:
Hæc ô ſerta, precor, non ſine lacrymis
Ponas rite *Britannicæ*
REGINÆ tumulo, *Melpomene*, ſuper.

Joſ. Amphlett
Coll. Vig. Schol.

ERgone ruperunt CAROLINÆ Fila *Britannis*
Invida fata nimis? Nec te tua plurima virtus,
Nec largo infelix protexit Patria fletu?
Quam ſibi diſſimilis fortuna? ut turbine cæco
Res hominum miſcet? nuper nova gaudia vates
Promiſere ſibi, cum nos, FREDERICE, juberes
In laudes properare tuas; nunc carmina voces
Lugubres poſcunt, interni & conſcia luctus
Flebile Muſa refert animus quod flebile ſentit.
Solvitur in lacrymas en! tota *Britannia*; prædam
Te mortis facilem deflens, Te candida virtus
Amiſſam quærit, languenſque Dolore maritus,
Impatiens, blande revocat, fruſtraque requirit
Heu! ſibi nunc ſurdam, nunc primo vota negantem.
Tu, quoties peteret peregrinas GEORGIUS oras,
Jungeret ut varias communi fœdere gentes,
Tu noſtras Curas, triplicis Tu pondera Regni
Suſcepiſti humeris; nec Te labor iſte gravabat.
Heu mors dura nimis! quæ Te, REGINA, peremptam
Vox ſileat? tantas renuat quis dicere dotes?
Ipſa ſuæ interea virtutis neſcia vixit
Majeſtate humilis, faſtuſque intacta veneno.
Ingentem ſcenam dum claudit morte decora,
Præteritas auget laudes, famamque priorem.
Dum pectus niveum & fœcunda doloribus angit
Viſcera dira lues, dominanſque impune ſub alto
Corpore, *Pæoniis* furit intractabilis herbis;
Ipſa immota manet CAROLINA, hæc ſola querelas
Effundit nullas, æterni at conſcia ſæcli
Perfruitur fatis, & morbi vulnera temnit.

Dum

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Dum vero ingentes luctus videt illa Mariti
Antiquas iterat flammas, animamque fugacem
Pauliſper voluit tardare, aſt illa catenas
Terreſtres ſpernens, ſedemque oblita priorem
Emicat in cœlos, illic nova gaudia libat,
Splendidius jactans ſolium, potioraque Regna.
  Sic ægrota tremunt morientis lumina tædæ,
Nunc vix obſiſtunt, nunc tanquam invita priori
Demigrare loco, redeunt in lampada ſaltu
Sollicito, variantque vices, mox frigida ſecum
Aura rapit, tenueſque extinguit in aere flammas.

Joh. Spencer è Coll. Univ. Comm.

QUa voce inſtituet funereos modos;
  Aut quæ digna ſatis carmina *Manibus*
    Tantis noſtra *Thalia*
    Sacrabit tenui Lyra?
Caſtis Illa magis gaudet amoribus;
Seu nunc innocuis mollia Virginum
    Flammis pectora torquet,
    Seu pulchros juvenum choros.
Sed quæ Virgo leves ad numeros, (prius
Non tam oblita chori,) rite ciet pedem?
    Ceſſat Tibia; at illi
    Succedit tacitus dolor;
Ex quo conjugii Te immemorem, Tuæ
O REGINA modo cura *Britanniæ*,
    Longæ tædia noctis
    Et ſedes *Erebi* tenent.
Eheu! quod nec amor, nec pietas *Stygis*
Undis eripiens reſtituant toro;
    Quod non vota *Britannûm*
    Reddant in patrias domos!
Tu, Sponſe, interea quos animo miſer
Luctus concipies, dum viduas agens
    Noctes ſæpe quereris
    Quod nulla in thalamos venit,
Quæ, cum Cura animum jam gravis opprimet,
Poſthac lenierit, conſilio potens;
    Quæ conſumat, ut olim,
    Dulci colloquio diem?

Divellet memori nil tibi pectore
Raptas delicias: fallere ſeu libet
Acris tædia curæ
Urbis mille negotiis;
Hic cives videas flebiliter queri;
Hic & *Pieridas*, quas nemore in ſacro
Dilectas pia Mater
Nutrici hic poſuit manu:
Seu Te rura juvant, dum petis otia
Curarumque fugam qua *Thameſis* Pater
Richmondam finuanti
Præterlabitur alveo;
Hic deſiderium Conjugis incolæ
Illuſtres renovant, quos *Britonum* memor
Frondentis CAROLINA
Sylvæ condidit in ſinu.
At Tu lætus habe quæ tibi munera
Iſis lene fluens donat, amabili
Vatum cincta Corona,
Sponſæ heu, Deliciæ breves!
Hæc, ſi quid poterint carmina, dum pias
Miſcebit lacrymas, percutiens Lyram,
Suavi voce dolores
Olim leniet improbos.

Johannes Mather
Novi Coll. Socius.

ULnis dum placidis fata GEORGII
Divellunt ſolii participem, nigra
Mœſti nube doloris
Horret tota *Britannia*.
Quæ pars ſollicito, quis caret angulus
Fletu? vix trepido gutture lugubres
Ducit Muſa querelas,
Incumbitque gemens lyræ.
Sed clarum tenebris dum caput exerens
REGINA ad ſuperas tendit iter plagas,
Parcit Muſa querelis,
Et tangit recinens lyram.

At

At Tu, qui ſubigis tam facili jugo
Felices populos, ne nimium dole:
Triſtes ore *Britannos*
Effulgens hilari leva.
Exultabit adhuc, DUX BONE, ſoſpitem
Si Te ſervet adhuc Patria, ſerius
Nativos aditurum
Cœlos & tua ſidera.
O! Veſtræ maneas ſuave diutius
Genti præſidium; & Parca benignior
Annos, quos CAROLINÆ
Aufert, accumulet Tibi.

Johannes Ellis A. B.
è Coll. Nov. Soc.

Ad Principiſſas LOUISAM & MARIAM.

NOndum, deliciæ Puellularum,
Nondum mittitis æmulos dolores?
Quid flendo nitidi rubent ocelli,
Pectus continuo tumetque luctu?
Quin ſuccurrite *Regio Parenti*
Grata ſedulitate, dulcibuſque
Adferte alloquiis levamen ægro;
Ut Se ſurripiat tenace Cura,
Invita exhilarent & ora riſus.
Quin ſuccurrite; quis ſcit? anne amica
Feſſos ſenſim oculos quies reviſat,
Obrepat tacito & gradu voluptas
Cordi, dum ambiguam inter ora veſtra
Matris forte legat Figuram ademptæ,
Quam felix reducem putabit Error:
Nec fraudem facilem pati pudebit,
Cum Vos *Illius* indolis vigorem
Spiratis, decoravit atque Veſtra
Illam ſimplicitas aperta morum.

Cornelius Norwood A. B.
Coll. Regin.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Windſor. *Richmond.*

W. SAy, Siſter ſylvan Scene, ſo lov'd, ſo late
The fav'rite Manſion of the Good and Great,
Who to thy Shades by ſome engaging Art
Didſt ſweetly win our Royal Miſtreſs' Heart,
Say while I try each ſoft, each moving Lay
To cheat the painful, lingring Hours away,
Wilt thou thro' all the deep Diſtreſs attend,
Mix ſigh with ſigh, and ſocial Sorrows blend,
Till both our griefs in kind contention flow,
And make a friendly Rivalſhip in Woe?
R. See the Sun wake, as thro' the Eaſt he ſtreams,
Yon *Memnon*'s Statue with his riſing Beams;
See the ſame Marble at deſcending Sun
Weep in cold Dews th' enliv'ning Influence gone:
So when by Contemplation led, alone,
(Forgot awhile the Splendours of a Throne)
The fair *Recluſe* in Innocence array'd
Pierc'd my thick Glooms and ſought the ſecret Shade,
The Muſe, obſervant of her ſteps, has rais'd
A nobler ſtrain, and kindled as ſhe gaz'd;
And pointing to the ſweet receſs would tell,
How near to Pow'r Humility could dwell;
How ſhe for wiſdom could a Throne forget,
And find an Empire in the cloſe Retreat.
Now ſad and penſive does her Loſs deplore,
Hangs o'er her Lute and tunes her Voice no more;
From each gay Spot it's wonted Beauties fly
And thro' my *Caves* the plaintive Echoes dye.
W. What aid to mighty GEORGE can I impart,
While the big Anguiſh tends his pious Heart.
Unable now my martial Scenes to pleaſe,
Or yield the Royal widow'd Mourner eaſe,
My riſing Tow'rs that glitter in the Sun,
My Trophies by ſo many Heroes won,
Th' emblazon'd *Banner* and effulgent *Star*,
With ev'ry ſhining Circumſtance of War.

R. To

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

R. To my cool Grottos oft ſhe would repair,
And drink in knowledge with the vernal air;
A new *Calypſo*, thro' theſe winding ſcenes,
Theſe flow'ry paths, and ever-ſpringing greens
She look'd and breath'd, in ev'ry charm the ſame,
Had but She been immortal, as Her Fame:
Here oft would yon revolving orb admire,
And of her fav'rite Sages oft enquire;
Look'd thro' this vaſt machine, and ſaw by Heav'n
To each a Law, to each a Bound'ry giv'n;
How in the midſt the center Sun controlls
With ſteady reins each Planet, as it rolls,
How thro' th' ethereal plain whole myriads lie
True to their courſes, and enrich the sky;
Trac'd out new Worlds, and found in ſuch employs
A fortaſte of the Heav'n She now enjoys.
W. Oft did great BRUNSWIC from her ſmile receive
More ſolid comforts than a Throne could give;
Truth there enſhrin'd beam'd forth more glorious rays,
Than the Gold's luſtre, or the Diamond's blaze,
Not the Sun's light, tho' to his fires we know
The Gem it's blaze, the Gold it's ripeneſs owe,
Could purer treaſures boaſt; without allay
Unmix'd they ſhone, and brighter far than they.
Her Heart partook and eas'd the MONARCH's Cares,
That Heart, reſerv'd for Him from early years;
He there a ſweeter Empire did maintain,
Of ſoft Affections, a more lovely Train,
A gentler Guard did wait to bleſs his happier Reign.
R. Here ceaſe our plaints --- An op'ning proſpect ſhows
Some friendly hours will come to heal our woes;
Still ſhall your foreſts bloom, my groves ſhall ſmile,
And our Names flouriſh thro' *Britannia*'s Iſle.
Still in thy Shades ſome Branch of BRUNSWICK's Line
For *Britain's* good ſhall plan ſome great Deſign,
W. And a new CAROLINE ſucceed to Thine.

William Fletcher, Civilian
and Fellow of New-Coll.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

O Cui languida vulneri
Succumbit lacrymis merſa *Britannia*;
Dum raptos dolet aureæ
Virtutis radios, quos Thalami dedit
Conſors ſplendida Regii,
Diffundens placidum per populos jubar!
Ut luctu premitur gravi
Auguſta ante alias BRUNSVICII Domus;
Quæ Te, dulce Decus Tuis,
Te, magni ô generis Deliciæ breves,
Dulci colloquio pie
Facundam, propius vidit & audiit!
Quî fiſtant lacrymas ſuas,
Quæ matrem ſoboles poſcit amabilem,
(Poſcit non ita creditam!)
Et tanta viduus Conjuge GEORGIUS!
Riſus ſola AUGUSTULA
Effundit teneros, & crepitaculis
Seſe oblectat inanibus,
Luditque innocuo corde miſellula;
Nec ſcit, quæ ſibi naſcitur
Luctus Materies inſuperabilis!
Ah! Qualem CAROLINA ſe
Infanti teneræ præbuerat Ducem;
Exemplo ſimul arduo &
Fidis conſiliis blanda, tenellulum
Quanta Cor ſapientia,
Et queis imbuerat moribus! Ut ſacram
Virtutiſque viam & juga
Monſtrarat nitidæ ſumma Scientiæ!

Tho. Powis, e Coll. Univ.
Sup. Ord. Comm.

CRudeli *Rhedycina* dolens dum funere ademptam
Urget flebilibus Te, CAROLINA, modis,
Fas mihi ſit lacrymas ſaltem miſcere, querentes
Fas cantus, vacuus quos docet arte dolor.
Nec locus hic infida tuo, *Aſſentatio*, fuco;
Nec locus hic denti, *Livor* inique, tuo.

Hæc

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Hæc titulis nudata, ſuo ſplendore relucet,
Puro virtutis lumine fulget honos:
Pro gemmis Pudor exornat, pro murice Virtus;
Et cingit Pietas, ceu diadema, caput.
Ingenuas artes, doctoſque (hæc mœnia teſtor,
Teſtor munifica mœnia ſtructa manu)
Quam blande coluit! teneris ut fovit in ulnis!
Quando ullam invenies, heu! *Domus orba*, parem?
Quam? niſi Tu populo faveas, AUGUSTA, togato,
Siſque decus *noſtræ* præſidiumque *Domus*.
Cœptæ, AUGUSTA, Tuo conſurgant munere turres,
Et Regale manus Veſtra coronet opus.

Guil. Felton, A. M.
è Coll. Regin.

Ad Famam.

Diva, Virtutis Comes, atque Cuſtos,
Gratiam qualem celebrare ſumis?
Quam tuba Nympham meditaris ultra
Fata ſepulchri
Tollere? -- An faſtos repetes ELIZÆ?
Aut canes mores placidos MARIÆ;
Quam ſuis omnes voluere donis
Cingere Muſæ?
Seu ſequi mavis per acuta belli,
ANNA quos olim peperit, triumphos,
Gallicis ſemper ſimulac *Iberis*
Major ab armis?
Carmine at quali, *Dea Fama*, dices,
Splendide ut conſtans pietate Virgo,
Auſa *Germani* CAROLINA ſceptri
Spernere Faſtum!
Arſit ut terras recreare, veri
Dulce fatali ſtudio! Ut flagravit,
Gloriæ curis nimis æqua, Cœlo
Addere lucem!
Nam velut *Phœnix* oculo irretorto
Circiter ſolis radios vagari
Gaudet, & cujus peritura flamma,
Lumen adorat.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Sic ſuæ paulum memor heu! ſalutis,
Dum parat *Princeps* bene temperare
Artibus priſcis Elegantiiſque
Ardua regni:
Dum petit Recti varias in uno
Mittere Exemplo Veneres: -- laborat
Linquere, ah! tantum citius *Britannis*
Flebile nomen.
At *Dea*, ô! Lauro, numeriſque pollens,
Cura cui fatis data prorogare
Terminum vitæ, rigidaſque Lethi
Flectere leges:
Si Tibi gratas, medios per hoſtes,
GEORGIUS palmas tulit, aut Honores
Pacis inſignes, ubicunque Gentes
Fœdere junxit:
Fac tuis dictis, Alia ut reſurgat
Prole regali CAROLINA; Verſu,
Fac, ut è veſtro Genus omne raptet
Æmula virtus;
Angliæ ſic Tu minuas dolorem,
Sic tuo cantu ſpolia ampla laudum
Uſque deducas, quoties reviſas
Iſidis oras.

J. Bouverie è Coll. Nov.
Sup. Ord. Comm.

VEntos nec antro comprimit *Æolus*
Uſque, otioſum nec mare dormit; at
Urgent phaſelum undæ tumentes
A latere, abripiuntque remos.
Tuque, ô Deorum cura, *Britannia*,
Euri procelloſas pateris vices:
Non ſole ſemper læta blando
Æthere nec frueris ſereno.
Olim canebat ſic *Thameſis* pater,
Se turbidis de fluctibus erigens,
Quorum reluctantem furorem
Niſus erat cohibere fruſtra.

Belli

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Belli tumultu jam facilis cares,
Jucunda carpis molliter otia;
  Ridet, voluptateſque dextra
    Porrigit alma Quies benigna.
At (ô futuri gens nimis immemor!)
Laſcivientes quòt male triſtia
  Urgent *Britannos*! jam caſura eſt
    Heu! ſubito CAROLINA fato.
Fallorne? cerno an tempora præſcius
Fœcunda mœſtis? Ecce *Timor* vagus
  Incedit, & greſſu ſilenti
    Ora tenens cooperta *Luctus*.
Ut ingemiſcit virginibus ſacer
Lucus! querelas ut referunt graves
  Obſcurior Vallis, ſonoſque
    Docta novos iterare ſaxa!
Jamque obruit mors ſæva papavere,
REGINA, Te multo; occidis, occidis,
  Quantum omnibus deſideranda,
    Præcipue miſeris boniſque!
Te patre privatus puer, & madens
Dolore mater, turbaque pauperum
  Haud parva, fautricem requirunt;
    Pauperiemque pati videntur
Nunc primum. Acerbo vulnere ſauciam
Se plorat atra veſte *Britannia*
  Succincta, & indulgens dolori
    Cuncta ſibi gravia ominatur.

Thomas Porter
è Coll. Linc. Commenſ.

Ad Mercurium.

MErcuri (ſic *Mercurium* adlocutus
Jupiter, luctum aſpiciens *Britannorum*)
I, volans, hæc fer *Libitinæ* acerbæ
  Non bona verba.
Dic, Pias ſemper feriat Sagittis,
ANNA queis dudum occubuit perempta:
Icta queis jam nunc CAROLINA ſævis
  Occubat umbris;

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Affore at Tempus, tua quando Virga
Aurea illuſtres Animas reducet
Laude cum digna, Superûmque certa in
Sede reponet.

Georgius Atwood
Comm. ex Aula B. M.V.

FRom the high Pinnacle of Pow'r and State
Struck by the Hand of Death when Tyrants fall,
'Tis dreadful Warning to the Proud and Great,
Who rule with iron Rod this earthly Ball;
But when the virtuous dyes, the virtuous mourn,
And pious Tears bedew the Royal Urn.

Lamented QUEEN, ſuch are the Tears, that flow
From every *Britiſh*, every *human* Heart;
Whom thy Life bleſt, thy Death now ſinks in Woe,
For in thy Boſom Theirs ſtill found a Part.
For Thee the Rich, the Poor, the Mighty mourn,
And publick Tears bedew thy Royal Urn.

But what will You, afflicted *Muſes*, ſay,
Your Theme, your Pride, your great Inſpirer fled?
Now droops each Flow'r, that to her Bounty's Ray
In grateful Incenſe lately rais'd it's Head.
Your Loſs in ſolemn Strains, ye *Muſes*, mourn,
And with *Your* Tears bedew the Royal Urn.

And yet how vain the *Muſe*'s tuneful Praiſe,
Echo'd alas! but by a mortal Tongue!
To her high Fame their Voice let *Seraphs* raiſe,
By *Seraphs* only can her Praiſe be ſung.
Then ceaſe your Strains, no more, ye *Muſes*, mourn,
Nor with vain Tears bedew the Royal Urn.

John Dalton M. A.
of Queen's College.

Carmen Britannicum.

PA Drymder neu flinder Sydd,
Gyffelyb i waith Angeu Digwilydd:
I Lom anned unwedd Anafus,
Heb fwy fri i Freinol Lys.
Mawr ddychryn Fe ddichon Gyffro'
A chwynfan Echryſlawn mewn Bro;
Pan Glwyfo 'n Ddiwid a Llym ddyrnod
O Lawn aelwyd bennaidd aelod.
Pan drawo deyrnaidd Bennaeth Deulu
Rhiw Ben-Llywydd mewn llawn Fri;
Pa echryd a Gofid caled
A Gyffru: Anhawdd yw Amgyffred.
Hyn, trwy brofiad, Sydd, i Briflys
Brydain (Heddyw bruddaf,) Hyſpys.
Och Fawr Golled, fwy argyllaeth!
Ni fû erioed yn y byd eu bâth.
It' ynys anhappus, fawr Dra'
Ag Ing, a wnaeth Angeu dy ELISA.
Côf fawr alaeth eilwaith itti,
Annhymmorawl Angeu MARI.
Clwyfeu, nadynt fwy Cymmarol
Ir ûn Sydd flîn it' yn breſennol,
Na brâth cleddyf crâff trwy Galon,
I bigiad draen ar wyneb croen.
Toſt, oedd tramgwydd (triſt iw Goffa)
It', unbennes enwog ANNA,
Yn ddiau ddim lai par i ddylain
Canmwy Galarus CAROLINE.
Nid yw Ryfedd: Hi ragorau
Rheini 'n ddirfawr mewn Rhinweddau,
Rhai pe gellwn oll eu crybwyll
Duwies ai Gwneint mewn dynol ddull.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

Mor ufydd i Sior ei Jor a fu
Ai Chydwedd: i neb yw' chymmaru
On'd Sarai Hen: i' Heppil Happus
Athro: i Deiliaid Nodded ddilys.
Ag oi Gwyſio a Ga's ar frys,
Yn beraidd fudo i Baradwys:
Hi, Unbennes Bûr a bare'
Addas lwyr i lanw ei Lle.

Johannes Thomas, A. B.
è Coll. Jeſu.

CAROLINA.

Ecloga.

HÆc etiam, CAROLINA, tuæ ſint addita laudi
Carmina, quæ ſola Nymphæ fudere ſub umbra
Iſiades, ſuavi fallentes carmine curam.
Improba Mors! nec Te populi tetigere querelæ,
Regia nec dolitura domus, lacrymæque decoræ
AMELIÆ, nec Te miſeri ſuſpiria REGIS?
Ah! noſtra an tantos meruerunt crimina luctus?
Dicite Vos *Nymphæ*, *Thameſinæ* dicite *Nymphæ*,
Vidiſtiſne illo quicquam crudelius unquam
Tempore, quo moribunda toro Regina jacebat?
Heu! lacrymis gemituque ſonabant omnia circum:
Illa, nihil metuens, tantum ſpectabat ad ora
Conjugis, aſpectuque animam ponebat in ipſo.
Ah! non Ille graves longo poſt tempore curas,
Aut deſiderium memori de pectore mittet:
At totos rapta ſecum de conjuge ſoles
Sæpe gemet, ſæpe in ſomnis aſtare videbit
Abſentem: nec cara unquam labetur Imago.
Nec jam *Pierii* colles, nec amata placebit
Richmondæ domus: aſſueto ſediſſe ſub antro
Tædet enim, & ſævi renovantur ubique dolores:

Illius,

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Illius, ad notas umbras, ad flumina nota,
Hic inter platanos, iſtaque ſub Ilice multum,
Illius ah! meminit, vultuſque requirit amatæ
REGINÆ, & tacito rorantur lumina fletu.
Quæ Vos, ô *Fauni*? ô *Dryades*, virideſque *Napeæ*,
Quæ mora Vos tenuit? Nunc jam non tempus, ut ante,
Montibus exultare, choroſque agitare per herbam.
Deſertiſque choris, & montibus ilicet omnes
Ite, atque heu! miſero ſolatia ducite REGI,
Si tantos aliquis poterit lenire dolores.
Ah! ſaltem Capiti certatim nectite ſerta
Floribus è variis: quid tum ſi munera parva?
Et parvis inerit ſua gratia: carpite *Calthas*,
Liliaque & Violas & Narciſſos lacrymoſos
Carpite: ſerta ferant *Nymphæ*; vos carmina, *Fauni*.
Carminibus capti medii Delphines in undis;
Ipſe Equus, in pratis quondam ferus, immemor herbæ,
Subſtitit, auditaque lyra miteſcere diſcit;
Carmina pacarunt homines, & carmina Divos.
Atque utinam nunc ô! ſi poſſit fiſtula veſtra
Dulce ſonare aliquid, REGEM relevare jacentem
Poſſitis, miſeræque oblivia ducere curæ.
Scilicet, ô *Fauni*, Vos & *Pan* Ipſe canetis
REGINÆ laudes, REGINÆ ingentia facta:
Ut prima jam ætate, ardens pietatis amore,
Spreverit Imperium; ut quondam, dum fata ſinebant,
Conjugis abſentis ſolio ſuceſſerit alto,
Viribus haud impar; ut *Pallada* ſemper amarit
*Palladiaſ*que artes. Tu vitam, *Maxima*, Spargis
Per populum: Te ſenſit inops orbuſque parentem,
Te Juvenes *Nymphæ*que; dedit Tibi *Cœlicolum* Rex
Divinos animos, & non Muliebria corda:
Salve ingens REGINA, Deis decus addita, Noſtri
Sis memor, ô! REGEMque diu da vivere nobis.
Hæc ſimul audieram ſola cantare ſub umbra
Nymphas, auſus Ego, ingenti perculſus amore,
Ducere *Sicelidas Thameſina* per oppida *Muſas*.

Geor. Carol. Black Coll. Vig.
Super. Ord. Commenſ.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

OBlivion wraps not in her ſilent Shade
All human Labours. Virtue blooms a Flower,
That Time's rough Hand ſhall never violate.
Still CAROLINE ſhall live in faithful Verſe,
Sweet Nurſe of Memory, and in the Voice
Of grateful *Britain*. Theſe ſhall teſtify
How well her calm impartial Rule ſupplied
A Monarchs abſence; theſe commemorate
Her Soul contemplative of peaceful Truth
And Nature, mindful midſt the pomp of Courts
Of wiſe Retirement, and the ſilent Grove.
She ſtretch'd thro' length'ning Shades thy ſpacious Walks,
Delightful *Richmond*, and the Terraſs rais'd
Of regal Grandeur, whence the Eye diſcerns
Fair *Thames* with copious Waters winding ſlow
Midſt Paſtures, ſpreading Herds, and Villages
Of aſpect neat, and Villa's wrapt in Shades:
Fair Scene of chearful Peace! the lovely Sight
Frequent She view'd, and bleſt the honour'd Reign
Of her great Conſort, provident and mild.
Now wander'd muſing thro' the dark'ning Depth
Of thickeſt Woods, friendly to ſolemn Thought:
Now o'er broad Lawns fair-op'ning to the Sun.
Nor midſt her rural Plans diſdain'd to mix
The uſeful Arable, and waving Corn
With ſoft Turf border'd, and the lowly Cot,
That half appears, in branching Elms obſcur'd.
Here Beauty dwells aſſembled from the Scenes
Of various Nature; ſuch as oft inflam'd
With Rapture *Grecian* Bards in that fair Vale,
Theſſalian Tempe, or thy fav'rite Soil,
Arcadia, erſt by aw-ſtruck Fancy fill'd
With wand'ring Forms, the woodland Deities,
Light Nymphs and wanton Satyrs, faintly ſeen
Quick-glancing thro' the Shade at Cloſe of Eve,
Great *Pan* and old *Silenus*. Hither led
By ſolitary Grief ſhall GEORGE recall
Th' endearing Manners, the ſoft Speech, that flow'd
From his lov'd Conſort, Virtue mixt with Love,
Prudence, and mild inſinuating Senſe:

But

But chief her thoughtful Breaſt, of Counſels deep
Capacious, nor unequal to the Weight
Of Government. Such was the royal Mind
Of wiſe *Eliza*, Name of lovelieſt Sound
To *Britiſh* ears, and Pattern fair to Kings:
Or She who rules the Scepter of the North
Illuſtrious, ſpreading o'er a barb'rous World
The Light of Arts and Manners, and with Arms
Infeſts th' aſtoniſh'd *Sultan*, hardly now
With ſcatter'd Troops reſiſting; She drives on
The heavy War, and ſhakes th' Imperial Throne
Of old *Byzantium*. Lateſt Time ſhall ſound
The praiſe of Female Genius. Oft ſhall GEORGE
Pay the kind Tear, and Grief of tender Words
To CAROLINE, thus oft lamenting ſad.
" Hail ſacred Shade! by me with endleſs Woe
" Still honour'd! ever in my Breaſt ſhall dwell
" Thy Image, ever preſent to my Soul
" Thy faithful Love, in length of Years mature:
" O skill'd t' enliven Time, to ſoften Care
" With Looks and Smiles and Friendſhip's chearful Voice!
" Anxious, of Thee bereft, a Solitude
" I feel, that not the fond condoling Cares
" Of our ſad Offſpring can remove. Ev'n now
" With lonely ſteps I trace the gloomy Groves,
" Thy lov'd Receſſes, ſtudious to recall
" The vaniſh'd Bliſs, and cheat my wand'ring Thoughts
" With ſweet Illuſion. Yet I not accuſe
" Heav'ns Diſpenſation. Proſperous and long
" Have been my Days, and not unknown to Fame,
" That dwells with Virtue. But 'tis hard to part
" The League of ancient Friendſhip, to reſign
" The home-felt Fondneſs, the ſecure Delight,
" That Reaſon nouriſh'd, and fair Time approv'd.

J. Shipley B. A.
of Chriſt Church.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

ΓΝῶμεν πῶς Ἀρετὴ Ἡρακλεῖ, πῶς Ἀριάδνῃ,
Ῥᾴσον ἐς Ἀθανάτων δώμαθ' ἕδωκε πόρον.
Πῶς ἄρα τοὶ θανέειν Βρέτονες κλαίουσιν Ἀνάσσαν,
Εἰ δυώαται Ἀρετὴ θνητὸν ἐς ἆσρα φέρειν;
Ἀλλὰ κ᾽ ὀ θνήσκῃ· ἔπῃ ἧς Ἀρετῆς τε κ᾽ εἰδῶς
Αἰδίως φύλακας πολλὸν ἔλειψε χόνον.
Ἐκ πυρὸς ὡς φοῖνιξ, αὐτὴ ἐπιοῦσα, πετᾶται,
Καὶ δοκέουσα θανεῖν, ἄρχεται αὖθι βίου.

W. Merrick, A. B.
Coll. Div. Joh. Bapt. Soc.

PErhaps the alarm is falſe -- Be ſtill my fears --
The ſame report has once abus'd our Ears --
Auſpicious be the thought -- Fame quickly fly,
Chear the ſad earth, detect th' ungrateful Lye,
Unſay, and bleſs us -- Recompence again
With real Joys th' imaginary pain.
Ah! no -- too true the fatal news was told,
Each freſh report too well confirms the old,
All, all the ſame unchanging, hateful tale unfold.
Alas! 'tis plain She's dead; elſe why appears
Our Royal Maſter all diſolv'd in tears?
When Heroes weep 'tis ſome prodigious cauſe
Which from their eyes th' unuſual ſoftneſs draws.
The ſhock of hoſts our Sovereign has beheld,
Be witneſs *Oud'nard's* well-diſputed field,
With a firm look, and unrelenting eye,
While deaths, and dangers paſs'd unheeded by.
Nay -- when th' expiring ſteed beneath him bled,
No marks of pallid fear his face o'erſpread,
The generous blood maintain'd it's wonted place,
And His fluſh'd cheeks ſtill glow'd with equal grace.
But ah! how chang'd the Hero now appears,
The luſtre of his Eye all dimm'd with tears,
The beamy glories of his aſpect gone.
He feels his heart -- now firſt a coward grown --
Can ſhake at dangers, when they 're not his own.

Though

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Though for Himſelf incapable of fear,
His Royal CONSORT's pains He cannot bear.
Theſe, theſe affect him in the tend'reſt part,
Bow the ſtrong Soul, and break the Lion's heart.
And well they may -- for oh! His treaſure's gone,
The Sweetner of his cares, the Luſtre of his throne.
That Gem in whoſe rich compaſs was confin'd
All that was great, or good in Womankind.
Clos'd are thoſe chearing eyes, and mute that tongue,
On which th' attentive ear with rapture hung.
For, whatſoe're the ſubject of debate,
Science abſtruſe, or high affairs of State,
On each ſo well ſhe ſpake, ſo juſtly thought,
The Statesman was improv'd, the Learn'd was taught.
Nor was it only in this ſphere She ſhone,
Or rul'd the State in Theory alone.
She knew as well how in the publick ſcene
To guide a Nation, and to act the Queen.
For when the welfare of the World has ſent
Britannia's Monarch o're the Continent,
When Thou, great GEORGE, haſt left our longing eyes,
And ſet with us in other Lands to riſe;
No night ſucceeded though our Sun withdrew,
Then She, Thy fair Vicegerent, bleſs'd our view,
With the ſame even hand maintain'd thy ſway,
Diſpens'd the light, and carried on the day.
But now, the Partner of thy Kingdom gone,
No Hand to wield the ſceptre but thy own,
No Boſom to divide thy num'rous care,
No Queen the burthens of thy Crown to ſhare,
Since, one fair Column from it's baſis thrown,
Now the vaſt Fabrick reſts on Thee alone;
Our fears grow ſtronger for Thy ſacred Head,
We watch around Thee with an anxious dread;
But by this thought prevented from deſpair,
That Thy good Angel now makes Thee her care:
Hovers, attentive to each danger nigh,
Looks into fate with an obſervant eye,
From Ills foreſeen ſtands ready to defend,
To Thee, and to *Britannia* ſtill a faithful Friend.

Samuel Speed,
Fellow of New Coll.

Pietas Academiæ OXON. *in Obitum*

QUid tantum gemitus mota crebreſcit in urbe,
Quid *Matres*, *Nymphæ*que dolent & penſa relinquunt
Turbatæ? Cur illa *Cohors Juvenilior*, annos
Oblita, ingeminat lacrymas, & pectora pulſat,
Ploratque, inſuetus dudum molleſcere, *Miles*.
O ſi quis *Zeuxis*, naturæque æmula dextra
Artifici valeas deſcribere ſeria fuco,
Surge Opifex, calamoſque pares, ſuccumque ſequacem,
Intrepidos ponas luctu ſuperante *Britannos*
Si potes, & miſtos *Hominum Divûm*que dolores.
Incipe -- diſtinctam vacuis inſignibus *Urnam*,
Quam *Laurus* ſuper, & triſti Diadema *Cupreſſo*
Imminet, immoti tacito mœrore *Miniſtri*
Servent: *Aonidum* properet pia turba *Sororum*,
Melpomene ante alias, calathiſque papavera plenis
Purpureaſque roſas, & ſuave rubentem *Hyacinthum*
Liliaque effundant; Violæ nec purpura deſit,
Atque intertextum REGINÆ nomen inumbret.
Perge Opifex, *Britonûm*que ſiniſtro in limite chartæ
Stet confuſa Cohors, nec tantum diſpare vultu
Quin *Patriam* referant; Pars acri fixa dolore
Suppliciter triſtis; Pars tetro ſquallida luctu
Et trepidis inhians animis; diverſus ubique
Pallentes variet dolor, & diſcriminet umbras.
At dextram tabulæ, Pictor ſi ſufficis, Oram
Mœſtius obtineat multoque Auguſtius agmen:
Hic *Fratres* trepidæque *Nurus*, hic cara *Sororum*
Pectora mœrentum, & quæcunque miſerrima poſſis
Denſentur, Facie inſignes *Divina Propago*
Ante omnes: fuſis ſtet *Amelia* mœſta capillis
Attollens oculos paulum tellure moratos.
Et juxta *Soror* -- heu Nomen ne quære doceri --
Te *Niobe* referens lacrymarum *Saxea* Mater,
Ploret inexpletum, & largo riget imbre Feretrum.
Nec procul hinc Juvenis ſeſe frons mœſta *Wilhelmi*
Oſtendat; Patriæque aſtet *Spes altera* gentis,
Multa movens animo -- nec fixo lumine blandam
Reſpicit *Infantem* multum lugentis in ore
Quæ ludit, ternos nec viſa eſt claudere menſes.
Jam vero præſtat graviores poſcere ſuccos,

Jam

Auguſtiſſ. & Deſideratiſſ. Reginæ CAROLINÆ.

Jam caute, Pictor, calamum exercere memento,
Ne peccent digiti, ne quid leve formet arundo,
Namque Ipſum *Auguſtum* pones; cui tempora circum
Anxia *Majeſtas*, & rerum *Publica Cura*
Figatur; ſtet acerba gemens, & lumine torvo
Undique *Natorum* mœſta agmina circumſpectans,
Temperet immodicos, haud læta fronte, dolores.
Siſte, potens calami, mœrorum atque artis abunde eſt,
Siſte opifex -- jamjam in manibus trepidavit arundo;
Fallor? an agnoſco lacrymam jam jamque cadentem
Artificis? Fuci ô miranda potentia! plorat
Aſpiciens tabulam, nec ſufficit ipſe dolori.

Richardus Savage ex Æd. Chriſti
Super. Ord. Comm.

WHilſt *Phœbus'* Sons their mournful Tribute bring,
And tune to grief the melancholy String;
Whilſt other's Tears in artful Numbers flow,
And ſpeak the Heart ambitious in its Woe:
How wilt Thou ſing, my Muſe, the doleful Lay,
Speak common grief, yet in no common way,
The Lyre how with diſtinguiſh'd Sorrow ſtrike,
Or how ſing diff'rent, where all feel alike?
Wilt Thou the melancholy Tale purſue,
Set CAROLINA's Merits full in View,
Declare her worth, the mighty Sum repeat,
Late *Britain*'s glory, now her ſad regret?
Small need of this to ſpeed the falling Tear,
Oh teach not how to grieve, but how to bear!
When ſlight's the pain, and Sorrow gently wounds,
Verſe ſtrives to pierce the Soul with melting Sounds:
Full well the Lays in mournful Numbers flow,
Where Sounds ſupply the want of real Woe ---
Not ſo when ſacred Majeſty is dead,
For ſoon as *Britain*'s guardian Genius fled,
Grief took th' Alarm -- Each boſom heaves a Sigh,
See ſoft Contagion catch from Eye to Eye!
Silence can beſt a grief like this expreſs,
Deſcription always ſhews true Sorrow leſs.
Or ſhould her great Forefathers worth be told,
The glorious deeds of mighty Chiefs of old?

Muſt Verſe thro' Lengths of backward Ages trace,
Each Sage or Hero of her glorious Race?
Alas who knows not what high deeds they wrought,
How well they conquer'd and how greatly thought;
What Lyre for *Britain*'s Queen hath not been ſtrung,
What Praiſe unknown, or Virtue left unſung?
Of Nations bleſs'd the pleaſing Subjects Theſe,
And gay Suggeſtions of a Mind at Eaſe.
'Tis paſt -- no more the incenſe bearing Lays,
The Muſe ſhould bring her Tears inſtead of Praiſe.
'Tis Thine to frame the ſlow grief-labour'd Verſe,
And ſtrew the ſick'ning Flow'rs around her Hearſe:
Such Ills demand a Sorrow void of Art,
Pomp wou'd but ill befit a bleeding Heart,
For goodneſs fled, and Godlike merit loſt,
He beſt commends it, who laments it moſt.
Say then how many grief-ſick Hearts deplore,
Britannia's QUEEN, Say Virtue is no more,
With ſtreaming Eyes Say CAROLINA fell --
How good, how dear, a Nation's Tears will tell.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

MB.